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## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE news from America still furnishes the most interesting if not the most important topic of discussion at present. Never since M'Clellan's great army of the Potomac sat down before Richmond have the hopes of the Federals been higher, or their expectations of vengeance more assured, than lately, when Fort Sumter was silenced; and there are many partisans of the North in England who also saw in the vigour of General Gilmore and his "Greek fire" the end of the rebellion, the avenging of Liberty, and the beginning of an era in which the whole continent of Columbus should be converted into a Yankee paradise. Our readers are aware that our own anticipations were not so sanguine. To be sure, no incredulity of which we are capable in England is equal to the falsehood and the boasting of official declarations in America; and we, like other people, too easily believed in that description of Fort Sumter which represented it as an untenable heap of ruins. The weakness of this belief, however, was a little excusable, because, unless General Gilmore had made some such a stroke as he pretended to have made, there was nothing for him to take credit for worth mentioning—always excepting the feat of throwing shells into the city before the women and children could be got out of it. But our simplicity has been abused

once more. We were all deceived, it seems. The news which arrived from America on Tuesday morning assures us not only that the Federals have no present prospect of occupying Charleston, but that they had got nothing by the destruction of Sumter but a renewal of the cannonade from that fort.

The telegrams are confused, no doubt; but their confusion is itself strong presumptive evidence that the attack on Charleston had begun, not to succeed, but to fail. When the Federals have a true success to announce, the language of the telegraph is just as precise as when the news is false; it is when a reverse must be hinted at that we have doubtful and stammering despatches such as those which have just arrived.

In the first place, we are told that "Fort Sumter was not so nearly demolished as before reported." Fresh guns had been mounted on its walls, and, though they were "again reported to be a heap of ruins," the Confederate flag was still waving over them. But the grand attack had been made, regardless of Sumter. "The monitors moved up, on the 31st, abreast of Fort Moultrie, and attacked that fort. Forts Moultrie, Gregg, and Wagner, and Sullivan's Island battery, replied to the monitors. The latter passed Forts Sumter and Wagner without opposition." Here is a contradiction, manifestly. Then we are told that "there were said to be no obstructions in the harbour, and an impression prevailed that the fleet could pass

up to the city." A comfortable saying and a cheerful impression, if there were any probability in the one or any near prospect of verification for the other. But next comes the news that "on the 1st inst. the monitors had withdrawn from the attack on Fort Moultrie," which means, we suppose, that the Federal fleet was not permitted to ascertain what obstructions in the harbour there really are; that they have to discover after they have passed Fort Moultrie; and Fort Moultrie seems to have stopped them at the beginning of the enterprise.

Not that the fate of Charleston is determined yet. In these days of prodigious artillery, siege operations are always in favour of the attacking party; and time, and many guns, and much powder would probably prove too much even for the various and strong fortifications of Charleston Harbour. But with the tempests of autumn threatening their unhandy "monitors" in the rear, the Federals have not much time for their task, and it is impossible to draw any other conclusion from our news of what they have hitherto done or attempted than that they are not likely to succeed *this* time.

The retention of the iron-clad steamers at Liverpool is something in favour of the Federal arms, no doubt. The Confederates have a few good swift ships already, and, with these added, a little squadron might have been formed perfectly



THE BAND OF THE COMMISSIONNAIRES PLAYING IN THE CAMBRIDGE INCLOSURE, ST. JAMES'S PARK.



adapted to harass a retiring fleet of battered, unseaworthy monitors, as well as to destroy the transports and mercantile marine of the enemy. Now, however, there is little prospect of these doubtful ironclads falling into the possession of the people they were probably built for, which is so much the worse for the Southerners. As to the legality of the seizure, we cannot pretend to an opinion. That is altogether a matter of international law; and we can only hope that Earl Russell has not strained the law to the injury of the weaker party in the American contest, even though in doing so he establishes a precedent which may one day work in our own favour. The Confederates, as belligerents, have a right to all the advantages lawful trade may give them; or, to put it in another way, there is no propriety in Earl Russell's setting arbitrary restrictions on the trade of our merchants in order to humour Mr. Seward, or to provide for some future advantage to ourselves which we may never get. It is a matter which ought to be decided by law strictly.

The allies have got their answer from Russia: exactly such an answer as might have been anticipated. The despatches have not been published *in extenso* at the time we write, but the gist of them is abundantly clear from what we do learn of their contents. It amounts to this:—"We are greatly obliged by your kind advice, for we know what feelings of friendship animate it; but we really have no more to say. We must follow our own course, if you please; and, for the rest, we will take the consequences." That, indeed, seems to have been stated very explicitly. "Prince Gortschakoff," says the *Nord*, "does not enter into long explanations, in order not to embitter the discussion." "Prince Gortschakoff thinks," says the news from Vienna, "that a further prolongation of the discussion appears superfluous. He finally states that Russia assumes the full responsibility of her acts." At the same time, of course, "Russia will do all in her power to solve the question which is a source of misunderstanding between the Cabinets;" but she must take her own way of doing it. And according to her view (as we ventured to state six months ago), the Polish rebellion must come to an end before the rebellious provinces can be treated with. "His Majesty's first duty is to proceed to the establishment of material order," a statement which diplomacy will find it hard to controvert. And so the "Polish question" remains exactly as it stood at the beginning. The diplomatic action of the three Powers has effected nothing. Meanwhile, the struggle has gone on, with no great advantage to the Russians, apparently, though nobody can doubt that the Poles are losing strength every day; and now the winter is at hand, which will tell sadly on the half-clad, ill-fed insurgents.

Prince Gortschakoff has thus added to the already brilliant reputation of Russian diplomacy, for which, in fact, there is no match in Europe. He has gained all that could be gained in that way; he has delayed his answer till the hopelessness of the insurrection, as well as the impracticable character of its leaders, became demonstrated, and till the near approach of winter, when even a chivalrous French Emperor is not likely to turn an army into the rigorous regions of the north for idealistic purposes. For our own part, we are afraid the Poles are doomed to oppression once more. We cannot fight their battles, and it is not probable that France will, as affairs stand. And, if Poland must submit, surely it would be well to do so with no more bloodshed; especially as it is clear that Russia cannot go on long without a constitutional system of government, of which a peaceable Poland would have the full benefit. It is hard to counsel those who struggle for independence to submit, but we see no alternative for them—but extermination.

#### THE COMMISSIONNAIRES IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

For some time past a new element has been added to public life (by which we mean life as seen in the streets) by the appearance of several alert and intelligent-looking men of military bearing, and wearing a military undress, in several of the principal business resorts of the metropolis. In all the great thoroughfares of the City and the West-end, from the Tower to Temple Bar, thence to Charing-cross, and so westward to Paddington, south-westward to Knightsbridge, south-eastward to Blackheath, and north-westward to Euston-square, these men have been established at various stations, while at their head-quarters, in Exchange-court, Strand, there is a company on duty and ready for any emergency day and night. The corps of Commissionnaires has become a recognised institution, and has already done good service by providing trustworthy and intelligent messengers, and men who are ready to do any occasional service for which no adequate provision was previously made. As light porters, distributors of letters, bills, and circulars, office or house keepers, men of guaranteed character are provided by the secretary of the corps; and, both by a distinctive uniform and a book of printed tickets, one of which each employé is bound to hand to any one requiring his services, the Commissionnaire has become a very necessary and useful public servant. He naturally claims and receives some consideration, too, since he and his fellows have fought, and fought bravely, in the battles of the country, and scarcely one has come out of the brunt unscathed; while many a fine, sunburnt, bearded fellow wears an empty sleeve to his well-brushed military frock.

It would be strange, indeed, if amongst so many men maintaining their military prestige there should not be a thoroughly efficient band, for not a few of their number have been crack musicians in their regiments in years gone by, and even those who have been maimed and can still hold an instrument are stirred with an enthusiasm for their art, and so overcome many physical difficulties which less earnest men might deem insurmountable. That these difficulties have been overcome, and that the band of the Commissionnaires is well up to its work, their friends the public have had ample means of verifying during the present season.

Walking down to St. James's Park by way of Spring-gardens, their lively or pathetic music may be heard even before we have passed the park gates; and there, in the Cambridge enclosure (except in the event of very adverse weather), they have nightly held an al fresco concert at so small a charge that they have secured large and appreciative audiences. Moving amongst a throng of people who were all pressing towards the enclosure at half-past six o'clock in the evening, we were impressed by two reflections; first, that, after all, the English people are not wholly given up to merely sensational amusements when they have an opportunity of cheap and rational enjoyment without unnecessary restriction; and, secondly, that the institution of a few really good bands for the public benefit, and in convenient localities, would do much to abate the constant

complaint of discordant organs and the insufferable braying of brass bands in quiet streets. These conclusions gathered force after we had paid our threepence to the officer, who sat at a small table outside the canvas screen which is erected within the railings, and came into the enclosure.

It would be difficult to say why our thoughts wandered to some quaint old Continental towns, and especially to Constance and Frankfurt; for there was scarcely a single point of resemblance between the place occupied by the military bands at either of these and that iron-railed space in St. James's Park. There certainly was no resemblance whatever between the members of this orchestra and the ruddy, stolid, pipeclayed musicians of the German and Swiss towns. Seen in that dim twilight, and thrown into strong relief here and there by the light of the lanterns which were fastened to the music-desks, the orchestra was almost as effective to the eye as to the ear, and that is saying a good deal, for their *repertoire* is of a high class, and their execution more than creditable. Seated on the benches or standing in quiet groups, a large audience had collected, and more were still coming in. The mingling of the moonbeams with the reflection from the lanterns and the windows in the houses of Carlton-terrace had a strangely picturesque effect; and, amongst about 1500 people, there was an absence of noise and confusion which was quite wonderful.

Coming behind the canvas screen again, and so towards the pay-table, we had the satisfaction of being introduced to a young man who was engaged in inspecting the tickets—not a young man when he stood talking to us by a more certain light, however, although we had previously mistaken him for a sort of cadet belonging to the corps, perhaps because of his cleanly-shorn and almost fair face, where bronze and beard were, generally speaking, abundant. Our friend is one of the last of England's veterans, however—a soldier of Waterloo, and the last of those who fought at Hougoumont, where he was a bugler. We are not bound to disclose the age of our friend Mr. William Turner, since, as we have already stated, he still retains that almost youthful appearance which bespeaks strength well used, and that temperance which is one of the best of all soldierly attributes. As a sailor, as a soldier in both infantry and cavalry, and for a short period of his life as a merchant adventurer, Mr. Turner has been engaged, not only on the Continent of Europe, but in India, in America and the West Indian Islands, in Mexico as far as Puebla, and we know not where else. Having studied music as a boy, he seems to have served both as a combatant and as a member of the regimental band, and in the last capacity was for some time attached to the Coldstream Guards as far back as 1821. He is still a hale and hearty trumpeter in the corps of Commissionnaires, of which he is deservedly a distinguished member. We have already lingered so long that the people are coming out to the first strains of the National Anthem, and are glad to learn that the experiment has been so successful as to warrant a continuation of these concerts next season. The performances close for the present year at the end of this month, and it seems that one of the intended results has been accomplished by the engagement of the band both for private parties and as auxiliaries in public concerts.

### Foreign Intelligence.

#### FRANCE.

There is very little news from Paris. The Emperor is at Biarritz, and the journals are principally engaged in guessing at the nature of the subjects which were discussed at the late Cabinet Councils; but beyond mere guesses nothing is known on the subject. The *Moniteur*, a few days ago, in intimating that permission had been given to repair the Confederate cruiser Florida at Brest, inadvertently called the vessel a privateer. This mistake was corrected in the official journal on the 16th, in a note which says:—"The steamer Florida is not a privateer, as was believed. She forms part of the military marine of the Confederate States, and her officers are furnished with regular commissions. The Florida has all the character of an ordinary vessel of war."

#### SPAIN.

The Spanish Ministry has intimated its determination to chastise the Rif insurgents for some recent depredations of which they have been guilty, if the Emperor of Morocco should fail to keep his promise to put them down. In Madrid it is stated that the Cabinet of the United States has demanded of Spain that the distance to which Spanish jurisdiction extends around the island of Cuba shall be limited to three miles, and that the Spanish Government is not disposed to make the concession.

#### ITALY.

Large numbers of brigands are reported to have surrendered to the authorities in the Basilicata, in consequence of safe-conducts being granted to them. Many more are expected to come in, and much satisfaction is expressed by the people at the prospect of getting rid of these pests.

The Roman Penitentiary Court has addressed a letter to the Italian Bishops, demanding a formal recantation from the priests who profess principles contrary to those of the Roman Curia under pain of heavy ecclesiastical punishment.

King Victor Emmanuel is about to hold extensive reviews of the army, and several foreign officers have arrived in Lombardy to witness the artillery manoeuvres, which will commence on the 21st inst.

#### JAPAN.

Intelligence from Japan to the 24th of July states that the Japanese had fired into the British ship *Medusa* and the American ship *Pemberton*, between Ningaradi and Kanagawa, killing several men. The American steamer *Wyoming* and the British steamer *Lauendale* proceeded to the scene of the outrage, destroyed the town forts, and spiked the guns. The British lost three men and the Americans five. Two thousand Japanese were reported to have deserted towards British vessels, but it was thought they would not pass within range of the guns. The *Semiramis* had landed a force at Negate, and engaged and defeated Japanese troops.

### THE POLISH QUESTION.

Diplomacy is again active on the Polish question. Earl Russell's last despatch to St. Petersburg has been published, by way of preparing the public mind, we suppose, for the Russian replies, which have now been delivered in London, Paris, and Vienna. Earl Russell repudiates the assertion of the Russian Vice-Chancellor that the Polish insurrection mainly derives its strength from foreign support, briefly recapitulates the arguments founded on the meaning of the Vienna articles, expresses his regret that the Russian Government should have rejected the essential parts of the proposals made by England, France, and Austria, and, finally, declares that by the refusal Russia has rendered herself responsible for any evil consequences which may spring from the disorders in Poland.

The following summary of the Russian reply to the last notes of the three Powers appears in the *Nord*:—

We have received from our correspondents at St. Petersburg some details respecting Prince Gortschakoff's despatch, and the memorandum which accompanies it. In the best-informed circles at St. Petersburg the contents of the memorandum are better known than the wording of the despatch. We may add that the memorandum is of considerable length, while the despatch is very brief.

The Russian memorandum is a reply to the document which accompanied M. Drouyn de Lhuys's last despatch, but it is not an *annex* of the despatch; it is addressed separately.

This document treats the question exclusively in an international point of view. It gives an historical sketch from the Congress of Vienna. It thoroughly examines in how much Russia is bound by those treaties, and dwells at considerable length upon the Congress itself. It endeavours to prove that the autonomy already decreed for the kingdom of Poland, and the application of which has not been suspended, but obstructed, by the revolution, satisfies the obligations contracted by Russia towards Europe.

However (and we particularly point out this declaration repeatedly made by the St. Petersburg Cabinet), a provincial elective representation does not constitute the limit of the Russian programme.

As regards the despatch, we repeat it, our information is not so full, but we know enough to indicate its character.

It maintains the point of view which Russia has always advanced—that of the necessity of a lasting pacification as the condition of more extensive reforms. If the Russian Government does not again enter into a long discussion, it is simply from a desire not to evenen the debate.

As regards the basis (the six points) the Russian Government declares that it is agreed upon; and Russia will do everything that is within her power to resolve a question which is a source of misunderstanding between the Cabinets.

Such are the principal declarations contained in the last despatch of Prince Gortschakoff.

Amongst the recent encounters between the Russians and Poles was one in the palatinate of Lublin, in which the latter were led by the gallant Lelewel, who is reported to have suffered a decisive defeat, and to have been himself killed. The following letter, dated Lemberg, Sept. 9, gives an account of the engagement:—

Lelewel, after his brilliant victory of Teraspol, had continued his route, and arrived on the 6th at Olczok, where he halted with his soldiers, exhausted with fatigue and hunger. All at once the sentinels announced that Cossacks were appearing in the neighbourhood. Lelewel gave orders to his cavalry to drive them back; but soon after the Russian infantry appeared, along with six guns. The Russians numbered more than twenty companies. The Polish detachment, not being in a condition to accept a combat with an enemy so superior in numbers, took its way across the wood, and withdrew on the side of the farm of Batorz. After a combat of half an hour, the Russians occupied the wood, in which they placed their cannon. The Polish infantry, driven out of the wood, came out upon the open country, and, with the cavalry, formed in line of battle. A new combat took place. In a second attack, directed by Lelewel in person, the Polish chief fell mortally struck by a ball. Zakrzewski then took the command of the cavalry, and Grodzewski that of the infantry. The news of the death of the beloved chief caused disorder in the ranks, and the infantry began to give way. The Russians, masters of the field of battle, carried off the wounded, seized a portion of the stores, and made some prisoners. The losses in general are not heavy, for the combat did not last long; but the death of Lelewel is an irreparable loss.

Engagements resulting in favour of the insurgents took place on the 3rd inst. at Zambrów, in the government of Augustowo; on the 4th at Zelechow, in Podolia; on the same day at Rokiciny, on the Warsaw and Cracow line of railway, in which fifty Russians fell; and on the 8th at Gamow, in the woywodeship of Plock.

The Russian Government on Monday commenced its compulsory exaction of the taxes in Warsaw, by closing the places of business till the impost due was paid.

Count Ostrowski, son of the Minister of the Interior, has been arrested, and is said to have been condemned to transportation to Siberia.

A leading article of the *Czas* of Cracow demands the recognition of Poland as a belligerent, declaring it would otherwise appear that the Powers approve the present condition of the conflict and the barbarous measures that are being taken.

### THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

#### GENERAL NEWS.

We have intelligence from New York to the 5th inst. The latest accounts from Charleston were to the 3rd. A general engagement between the ironclads and Forts Sumter, Wagner, and Moultrie took place on the 1st, which apparently ended in the discomfiture of the former, who retired without having accomplished their purpose of capturing Fort Sumter, against which dilapidated fort a renewed attack was preparing. There was constant communication during the night between Fort Sumter and Charleston, and the front walls of Sumter had been repaired and protected by cotton bales chained together; it had also been reinforced with gunners. General Gilmore had succeeded in running a parallel against Fort Wagner.

There is very little news from the forces on the Rappahannock. There were rumours that General Lee was making a movement to flank General Meade, and it was reported that General Stuart had crossed into Maryland for another raid. A Confederate expedition, consisting of 500 men, is reported to have set out from Port Royal, Virginia, on the 1st inst., for the capture of Federal vessels on the Potomac. The old Confederate batteries along the river were to be remounted with cannon. Detachments of Confederate cavalry had appeared at Mithias and other points on the Potomac.

General Rosecranz and General Burnside, from different points, were advancing in great force on Chattanooga. The former had passed a portion of his forces over the Tennessee river, and, previously to throwing his whole army across, was endeavouring to destroy the Georgia Railroad and thereby intercept Bragg's line of communication.

Despatches from St. Louis of the 2nd state that General Schofield was in receipt of advices from General Steele, dated the 26th ult., reporting that a portion of his forces had dislodged General Marmaduke from Brownsville, Arkansas, and compelled him to fall back towards Little Rock. Despatches from Pilot Knob, Missouri, state that General Price had been driven across the Arkansas river by General Steele on the 29th, but they were not considered trustworthy.

A letter from New Orleans of the 26th states that that city was to be made the base of operations for the reduction of Mobile by a military force, under command of General Grant, aided by a naval force under Admiral Farragut.

The draught had been suspended in Ohio, in the expectation, as was believed, that that course would tend to defeat the chances of Mr. Vallandigham's election as governor. In New York not more than 2000 conscripts had been obtained, all the other persons draughted having obtained exemptions under one pretext or another. The office of Mr. Archibald, the British Consul, was daily crowded with draughted men, their wives, and families, claiming exemptions from the conscription on the ground of alienage, and soliciting the protection of the British Government. As many as 500 and 600 applications were made daily. Nine out of ten of the aliens are Irishmen. Great numbers of them have exercised the right of citizenship, and are therefore liable to the draught.

Senator Jim Lane had made a speech at Leavenworth, Kansas, of a most bloodthirsty character. He believed in a war of extermination of the frontier counties of Missouri. If that could not secure safety for Kansas people, all counties should then be exterminated until they were secure. He wanted to see every foot of ground in three counties burnt and laid waste. He urged the people to meet him on the 8th of September with what arms they could procure.

#### PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S POLICY.

Mr. Lincoln, having been invited to attend a meeting of Union men at Springfield, Illinois, has addressed the subjoined letter to the chairman, in which he defends his policy and discusses the prospects of the war and of the Union. The letter has also been read at a Republican convention in New York State:—

Executive Mansion, Washington, Aug. 26.

Hon. James C. Conklin. My dear Sir,—Your letter inviting me to attend a mass meeting of unconditional Union men, to be held at the capital of Illinois on the 3rd of September, has been received. It would be very agreeable to me thus to meet my old friends at my own home; but I cannot just now be absent from this city so long as a visit there would require.

The meeting is to be of all those who maintain unconditional devotion to the Union; and I am sure that my old political friends will thank me for tendering, as I do, the nation's gratitude to those other noble men whom no partisan malice or partisan hope can make false to the nation's life.

There are those who are dissatisfied with me. To such I would say: You desire peace, and you blame me that we do not have it; but how can we attain it? There are but three conceivable ways. First, to suppress the rebellion by force of arms. This I am trying to do; are you for it? If you are, so far we are agreed. If you are not for it, a second way is to give up the Union. I am against this; if you are, you should say so plainly. If you are not for force, nor yet for dissolution, there only remains some imaginable compromise. I do not believe that any compromise embracing the maintenance of the Union is now possible. All that I learn leads to a directly opposite belief.

The strength of the rebellion is in its military—its army. That army dominates all the country and all the people within its range. Any offer of terms made by any man or men within that range in opposition to that army is simply nothing for the present, because such man or men have no



power whatever to enforce their side of a compromise, if one were made with them. To illustrate:—

Suppose refugees from the South and peace men of the North get together in Convention and frame and proclaim a compromise embracing a restoration of the Union. In what way can that compromise be used to keep General Lee's army out of Pennsylvania? General Meade's army can keep Lee's army out of Pennsylvania, and I think can ultimately drive it out of existence; but no paper compromise to which the controllers of General Lee's army are not agreed can at all affect that army. In an effort at such compromise we would waste time, which the enemy would improve to our disadvantage, and that would be all.

A compromise to be effective must be made either with those who control the rebel army, or with the people first liberated from the domination of that army by the success of our army. Now, allow me to assure you that no word or intimation from the rebel army, or from any of the men controlling it, in relation to any peace compromise, has ever come to my knowledge or belief. All charges and intimations to the contrary are deceptive and groundless, and I promise you that if any such proposition shall hereafter come it shall not be rejected and kept secret from you. I freely acknowledge myself to be the servant of the people, according to the bond of service in the United States Constitution, and that as such I am responsible to them.

But, to be plain. You are dissatisfied with me about the negro. Quite likely there is a difference of opinion between you and myself on that subject. I certainly wish that all men could be free, while you, I suppose, do not. Yet I have neither adopted nor proposed any measure which is not consistent with even your view, provided that you are for the Union. I suggested compensated emancipation, to which you replied that you wished not to be taxed to buy negroes. But I had not asked you to be taxed to buy negroes, except in such a way as to save you from greater taxation to save the Union exclusively by other means. You dislike the emancipation proclamation, and, perhaps, would have it retracted. You say it is unconstitutional; I think differently. I think the Constitution invests the Commander-in-Chief with law of war in time of war.

The most that can be said, if so much, is that slaves are property. Is there, has there ever been, any question that, by the law of war, property, both of enemies and friends, may be taken when needed? And is it not needed whenever taking it helps us or hurts the enemy?

Armies, the world over, destroy enemies' property when they cannot use it, and even destroy their own to keep it from the enemy. Civilised belligerents do all in their power to help themselves or hurt the enemy, except a few things regarded as barbarous or cruel. Among the exceptions are the massacre of vanquished foes and non-combatants, male and female. But the proclamation as law is valid or is not valid; if it is not valid it needs no retraction; if it is valid it cannot be retracted any more than the dead can be brought to life.

Some of you profess to think that its retraction would operate favourably for the Union. Why better after the retraction than before the issue? There was more than a year and a half trial to suppress the rebellion before the proclamation was issued, the last 100 days of which passed under an explicit notice that it was coming unless averted by those in revolt returning to their allegiance. The war has certainly progressed as favourably for us since the issue of the proclamation as before. I know, as fully as one can know, the opinions of others, that some of the commanders of our armies in the field who have given us our most important victories, believe the emancipation policy and the aid of the coloured troops constitute the heaviest blows yet dealt to the rebellion, and that at least one of those important successes could not have been achieved when it was but for the aid of black soldiers.

Among the commanders holding these views are some who have never had any affinity with what is called Abolitionism or with Republican party politics, but who hold them purely as military opinions. I submit their opinions as being entitled to some weight against the objections often urged that emancipation and arming the blacks are unwise as military measures, and were not adopted as such in good faith.

You say you will not fight to free negroes. Some of them seem to be willing to fight for you; but no matter, fight you, then, exclusively to save the Union. I issued the proclamation on purpose to aid you in saving the Union. Whenever you shall have conquered all resistance to the Union, if I shall urge you to continue fighting, it will be an apt time then for you to declare that you will not fight to free negroes. I thought that in your struggle for the Union, to whatever extent the negroes should cease helping the enemy, to that extent it weakened the enemy in his resistance to you. Do you think differently? I thought that whatever negroes can be got to do as soldiers leaves just so much less for white soldiers to do in saving the Union. Does it appear otherwise to you?

But negroes, like other people, act upon motives; why should they do anything for us if we do nothing for them? If they stake their lives for us they must be prompted by the strongest motive, even the promise of freedom, and the promise, being made, must be kept.

The signs look better. The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea, thanks to the great north-west for it.

Nor yet wholly to them. Three hundred miles up they met New England, Empire, Keystone, and Jersey hewing their way right and left. The sunny South, too, in more colours than one, also lent a hand. On the spot their part of the history was jotted down in black and white. The job was a great national one, and let none be banned who bore an honourable part in it. And while those who have cleared the great river may well be proud, even that is not all. It is hard to say that anything has been more bravely and better done than at Antietam, Murfreesboro', Gettysburg, and on many fields of less note.

Nor must Uncle Sam's web-feet be forgotten. At all the waters' margins they have been present, not only in the deep sea, the broad bay, and the rapid river, but also up the narrow, muddy bayou, and wherever the ground was a little damp, they have been and made their tracks.

Thanks to all for the Great Republic, for the principle by which it lives and keeps alive for man's vast future. Thanks to all.

Peace does not appear so distant as it did.

I hope it will come soon, and come to stay, and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among free men there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their case and pay the cost. And then there will be some black men who can remember that, with silent tongue and clenched teeth, and steady eyes and well-poised bayonet, they have helped mankind on to this great consummation; while I fear there will be some white men unable to forget that, with malignant heart and deceitful speech, they have striven to hinder it. Still, let us not be over sanguine of a speedy, final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God in his own good time will give us the rightful result.

Yours very truly, A. LINCOLN.

#### CONFEDERATE REASONS FOR ARMING THE SLAVES.

A Washington letter in the *New York Tribune*, dated the 30th ult., affects to give some fuller particulars of the considerations which led to the adoption by the South of the measure for enrolling negro soldiers. The writer's authority is a letter written in Richmond a week before by a person whose statements are fully entitled to confidence. He says:—

Converting blacks into soldiers for the defence of the national territory is not a new idea with the Confederate Government. As early as 1861, when the Union forces under McClellan were scattered along the extensive line of the Chickahominy swamps, many of the most prominent wealthiest planters, frightened by the dangers of the fall of Richmond, which they then considered as an inevitable event, proposed to arm and to lead their slaves, and to bring them to the rescue of their threatened capital. But, public opinion having not yet been prepared by repeated reverses and losses in men to overcome one of its strongest prejudices, nor to contemplate without a shudder of contempt the possibility of seeing one day a free man fight side by side with a slave, the proposition was looked upon as dangerous and visionary, and was so treated by the great majority of the people. Still it was rumored at the time that the members of the Cabinet would have willingly accepted the proffered aid had it not been for the sake of their popularity. Jeff Davis, who, since the beginning of the war, had been pressed by European Cabinets to adopt some reformatory measure in reference to slavery, said, on that occasion, that it would be desirable to see the tide of public prejudice recede from its course, and black regiments formed for the defence of cities and strongholds. It was obvious, then, that the Cabinet was already contemplating the feasibility of arming the slaves, and that they were deterred from doing so only by the fear of hurting too violently existing prejudices, and thus weakening their own power. The series of victories won by General Lee inflated the pride and vanity of the Southerners to such an extent that for a moment they believed themselves to be indebted for their success to the holiness of the institution of slavery as well as to the superior valour of their men. The victory at Gettysburg and the conquest of the borders of the Mississippi by the Union armies caused this stupendous edifice of pride and error to crumble down, and demonstrated to them the emptiness and folly of their iniquitous theory. They then turned their eyes toward their 4,000,000 blacks, and asked themselves how it was that the Government had not yet availed itself of the resources offered by this large recruiting field, and why an army of blacks was not raised forthwith. I may say, however, that those who wished at first to use the blacks as soldiers did not think that their services in that capacity were entitled to a reward; they would have held them in slavery all the while. It was, I understand, the sentiment of the army which modified the views of the planters in that respect. The army refused to fight unless the slaves be made free before entering the ranks, and received equal advantages with those enjoyed by the whites. Before this question was ripe enough to be brought before the rebel Government, Beauregard, supported in this by the opinion of the Governor of South Carolina, had been asking for authority to arm a few negro regiments for the defence of Charleston, and Governor Shorter, of Alabama, pressed by the necessity of providing for the defence of Mobile, had addressed the same request to Richmond, and recommended, in a public proclamation, the arming of negroes in his own State. These unexpected demands coincided too well with the secret sentiments of the Cabinet not to be used by it as the ground of a new policy. Thus, while Beauregard's claim might be con-

sidered as justifying the arming of negroes under the plea of military necessity, the proclamation of Governor Shorter, of Alabama, and the endorsement of the Governor of South Carolina, more important still, unconsciously placed at the disposal of the Government a force of several thousand men and paved the way for a powerful military organisation all over the extent of the Confederacy. Jeff Davis was too shrewd not to avail himself of these fortunate circumstances. By his order, every Governor in the rebel States was consulted concerning the propriety of arming slaves for the war, and was invited to Richmond to confer with the President on that subject. This invitation was, it seems, immediately complied with, and, after fifteen days of close conference between the Governors of the States and the members of the Cabinet, it was decided that the salvation of the country required the arming of the slaves, and that a call of 400,000 blacks—one from every eight inhabitants—should take place forthwith. Outside of military and social considerations, the importance of which cannot be fully estimated now, one of the motives which urged the adoption of this measure is, I understand, the effect it is likely to have upon European Powers. While the discussion on the measure was going on, a member of the Cabinet removed all the objections raised by stating that the enlistment of the blacks in the Confederate ranks, and the gift of their freedom and a portion of land as their reward for their services, would cause the great majority of the European people adverse to slavery to become friends of the South, and force their Governments to interest themselves in its behalf. It would at the same time show that the black, who had been represented as the enemy of his master, was in reality his friend; and the greatest mark of this friendship was to be found in the confidence the white man has in the obedience and fidelity of the black, who by this call was suddenly elevated to a position of trust and confidence unparalleled in the history of the world. All these considerations could not fail, it was said, to engage the attention of the European public, and to place the Southern Confederacy upon higher political and moral ground. It was these remarks, I am told, which destroyed all opposition, and led to the unanimous adoption of the measure. The proceedings I have just related have been kept secret, and will not be divulged until Jefferson Davis's proclamation submitting the whole matter to the whole people is issued.

#### IRELAND.

MELANCHOLY EVENT.—The Channel Fleet paid a visit to Belfast Lough last week, and the Mayor and Corporation invited the officers to a déjeuner on the occasion. The entertainment passed off in the most agreeable manner; but the pleasure of the day was followed by a fatal accident to one of the officers, which caused much painful feeling in the town as well as in the fleet. No one enjoyed the festivities more heartily than Lieutenant Clarence Gardiner, one of the officers on board the flagship *Edgar*. He was returning with his brother officers from the déjeuner, by the Northern Counties Railway to Carrickfergus, travelling in a first-class carriage. In the course of the journey he got out on the roof of the carriage, and, on the arrival of the train at Carrickfergus, he was misad. Search was made, and the body was found on the line quite dead and shockingly disfigured. An inquest was held on the body on Saturday last, when it appeared from the evidence that the deceased and Mr. Hattersley, a brother officer, opened the door of the compartment in which they were and got upon the roof of the carriage; that they ran and jumped from one carriage to another while the train was in motion; that they returned to their carriage for a few minutes, and then went up on the roof again, contrary to the remonstrances of some officers who were in the same carriage; that Mr. Hattersley leaped from the roof of a carriage to the tender, and fell among the coals; and it was supposed that the deceased fell between the carriages while attempting the same feat, and was instantaneously killed.

THE GALWAY PACKETS.—The second vessel of the Galway line left that port on Tuesday. A number of persons who had attempted to stow themselves away were detected and brought on shore, where some of them tried to escape from the police, and, being assisted by the mob which had assembled to witness the departure of the steamer, they succeeded in raising a very pretty little row, to quell which the constabulary loaded with ball, and this seemed to exercise a moral influence on the crowd, as it gradually dispersed, and the prisoners were taken to the Courthouse and sentenced to imprisonment for the attempt to swindle the company.

DESPERATE OUTRAGE.—As two men, named Harrity and Farrell, were at work in a field near Longford, on Tuesday, a trivial dispute arose between them, when Farrell caught hold of Harrity by the collar of the coat, twisted him round on the ridge a little, and drew a reaping-hook round the back of his neck, which was very near severing the head from the body. He was conveyed to the County Infirmary, where the wound was dressed. The police arrested Farrell and brought him before the magistrates, who were sitting at the Petty Sessions Court, by whom he was remanded, to await the issue of Harrity's wound.

#### SCOTLAND.

SHIPBUILDING ON THE CLYDE.—The shipbuilding trade of the Clyde still continues brisk, and during the month of August there were launched from the various building-yards on its banks new vessels representing a carrying capacity of over 13,000 tons. This was the second highest month during the year, April having exceeded it by nearly 1000 tons. The great proportion of the vessels—viz., seven of 7300 tons—were screw-steamer. The others were sailing-vessels, two of iron, four of wood, and one on the new system of a composite of iron and wood. The vessels are chiefly for Glasgow, Liverpool, and London houses. This year there have been launched on the Clyde within one or two of 100 vessels, having a capacity of 73,000 tons. Several well-known Clyde steamers have recently been dispatched to Nassau, N. P., it is supposed as blockade-runners.

GALLANT RESCUE OF A DROWNING FISHERMAN.—On the night of Tuesday last a Shetland hired fisherman, named Irving Robertson, on board the fishing-boat *Brothers*, of Lybster, while in the act of dipping the sail, was knocked overboard. There was a heavy gale at the time, with considerable sea, and the night was excessively dark. The poor man struggled in vain for some time to keep above water, when Mr. John Cormack, jun., of Lybster, leaped overboard, with a rope's end in one hand, and bravely swam in the direction where Robertson was supposed to be. On reaching him, he was in the act of sinking, but he at once clutched hold of Cormack, and both sank together. Cormack, however, kept his hold of the rope, by means of which both were hauled on board by the remainder of the crew, who had no anticipation but that they would be drowned. Cormack's bravery on this occasion is worthy of all praise, and has been duly reported to the Royal Humane Society. In June last another brave act was done by the same individual when engaged in the Lewes herring-fishing. During a severe gale the boat of Alexander Doull, Pulteneytown, dragged her anchors and was nearly ashore on a dangerous reef of rocks, when Cormack, by means of a small boat, conveyed to the crew fresh anchors and chains, which were the means of saving boat and materials, and probably also the crew's lives.

#### THE PROVINCES.

ARRIVAL OF THE CHANNEL FLEET AT LIVERPOOL.—In accordance with previous intimation, the squadron under command of Rear-Admiral Dacres arrived in Liverpool on Monday. Immense crowds of people were collected on the pier promenades all along the whole line of docks, the landing stages and St. Nicholas's churchyard being very densely crowded. As the flagship, the *Edgar*, rounded the Rock she was saluted by the North Fort and immediately returned the salute, and, as also did the other vessels, continued dipping her ensign in courtesy to the numerous vessels as she passed up stream. All the near vessels had their sails set, and they presented a most interesting spectacle as they bore majestically up the river to their anchorage. On arriving there the Mayor went on board the *Edgar* and paid his respects to Admiral Dacres.

ANOTHER FATAL BALLOON MISHAP.—A balloon accident has happened at Halifax, which, although it brought no harm to the aeronaut, was the cause of the death of another man. The balloon ascended from the Piece-hill, and had scarcely got clear of the building when it fouled the chimney of a mill, and was there held. The balloon collapsed, but the aeronaut succeeded in getting to the ground by means of a rope. The next morning a man named Rawson was ascending to clear the balloon, when the rope broke. He fell to the ground and was killed.

SINGULAR DREAM.—On Saturday morning last a man named Benjamin Collins was found drowned in a small dam belonging to the Whitehall Pit, at Wyke. When found he was kneeling in the water with his head down, being only up to the shoulders in the water. He had been drinking for several days, and became restless. He got up about two o'clock in the morning, partly dressed himself, and said he could not sleep. Soon afterwards he went out, and about four o'clock his uncle, Mr. Mark Collins, went in search of him, but, not finding him, returned to the house. Mrs. Collins then desired her husband to go to the place where the body was found, as she had just dreamt her nephew was drowned there. Mr. Collins acted as his wife requested, and, to his amazement, saw the literal fulfilment of her dream.

SUPERSTITION IN SOMERSETSHIRE.—At the Bridgewater Petty Sessions last week two women—a mother and daughter—of Huntspill, preferred a charge of assault against another woman of the same place, and from the evidence it appeared that the defendant (Ann Hogg) had for a long time considered herself "bagridden"—that is, she had experienced queer sensations, non-orthodox, maladies, &c. She had some time before had a "fall out" with the complainants (Charlotte and Caroline Hill), and in consequence her ignorance had led her to put down these feelings and illnesses to the credit of a power possessed by the complainants. With this idea in her mind she had recourse to the specific counter-charm of "drawing blood" from her bewitcher, which operation was described by the elder of the complainants thus:—"Between eight and nine o'clock on the evening of the 28th ult. I met the defendant on the Huntspill-road, and she came behind me and ran something in my shoulder. It was something sharp. Neither of us spoke. When I took off my dress there was blood. When she pricked me she accused me of being a witch." It appears that this "infallible" remedy for once "failed," but the failure did not in the least affect her belief that she was

bewitched; for she on the next day stabbed the daughter on the arm with a needle, and drew blood from her also.

THE STEAM-RAMS BUILT ON THE MERSEY.—On Monday one of these formidable vessels, concerning which so much has recently been said, was towed out of Messrs. Laird's dock at Birkenhead and taken into the Morpeth Dock basin, where it is understood the remainder of her fittings will be completed. It is expected that her trial-trip will take place in a few days. In the meantime her builders do not affect any mystery or secrecy with regard to what is going on in their works. On the contrary, they have invited Admiral Dacres and the officers of the Channel Fleet to visit their building-yard and inspect all that is going on there. A similar privilege as to inspection has also been conferred on the officers of the fleet by the Mersey Steel and Iron Works.

FIGHTFUL ACCIDENT AT LLANDAFF.—A fatal accident occurred at Radyr Quarry, near Llandaff, on Monday afternoon, by which three men lost their lives and eight sustained injuries of a serious character. This quarry is on the side of the Penarth Railway, at Radyr, and is a kind of ravine, with scaffolding on each side. The stone rises to the height of about 30 ft., and along and across the ravine scaffolding is fixed, with travelling-crane connected with each is a small locomotive steam-engine. One of these cranes was at work on Monday about the centre of the quarry, and underneath, near to it, a number of men were employed in getting stone ready for the crane to raise. The crane was in the act of raising a stone about a ton and a half in weight when a portion of the runner snapped at a place in which there was a knot in the wood, and where an iron bolt had been fixed, and the crane, tender, and engine, with a good part of the woodwork of the framing, fell with a crash, completely burying three of the men beneath in its ruins.

#### LORD STANLEY ON TASTE AND ART IN ENGLAND.

LORD STANLEY, last week, presided at the distribution of prizes to the students in the Preston School of Art, and in his address on the occasion said:—

How far is art cultivated in this country? How far ought it to be a subject of national concern? As to the last question, I think few of us will feel any doubt as to the answer which should be given. In early and rude states of society there is little leisure to attend to any wants except those which make themselves first and most imperatively felt—the want of safety and subsistence. There may be a bad and barbarous art, as the want of a rude and primitive literature; but no nation has long existed in a condition tolerably settled and secure that has not had something which it meant for literature, and something which it meant for art. There appears to be a general though not an invariable progress. At first, vastness is most appreciated in architecture, gaudy colouring as a means of decoration. The rules of construction are few and simple. Those who seek to produce something more admirable than their neighbours seek to excel them in costliness, in the use of rare material, and in the gigantic proportions of their work. By-and-by it is felt that these things are not art; that a building may be vast and yet not beautiful; decoration rich and costly, yet not graceful. And then comes the higher and later development of taste, that which looks beyond the material to the form, and which recognises, though perhaps unconsciously, the existence of general laws of beauty. And let this be observed, it is precisely when the feeling for art has reached this stage that art is able to become really popular, that it ceases to be confined to a few, and is the property and the possession of an entire nation. Art ought not to be, cannot be, the mere plaything of luxury or the slave of wealth. If it were so, I for one should care very little about it. I hardly understand a man of sense and feeling setting great store on pleasures which cannot be shared by the great bulk—at least, of educated men. We value art, we honour it, we seek to promote it, because it is in its nature universal—popular in the true sense—because, like all sources of enjoyment which are intellectual, not material, it belongs to all those, and to those only, who have within themselves the power to appreciate it—who are students and scholars, not merely purchasers and patrons. For manufacturing success a certain training in art is indispensable. Coarse and cheap fabrics may, indeed, go into all the markets of the world, resting on their utility and cheapness as sole and sufficient recommendations. For the production of such we in England have immense natural and acquired advantages. But for the more refined and not less useful fabrics it is not enough to have good material and honest workmanship—there must be something to please the educated eye and taste. And it is well known that as regards these, English taste had until late years been a byword throughout the Continent. It is quite otherwise now. M. Chevalier, the celebrated French economist, in his report on the exhibition of 1862, says:—"The upward movement is visible, above all, among the English. The whole world has been struck with the progress which they have made since the last exhibition in designs for stuffs and in the distribution of colours, as also in carving, sculpture, and articles of furniture." And he dwells with a very natural and patriotic alarm on what he calls "the pre-eminence of France in the domain of taste" receiving a shock from the newly-created competition of English workmen. Another of the French jurors says on the same subject, "It is impossible to ignore the fact that a serious struggle awaits France from this quarter," with more to the same effect. And a third adds, "It is our duty to remind our workmen that defeat is possible, that it may be even foreseen at no distant date. English industry has during the last ten years made amazing progress, and we may soon be left behind." It is worth notice that each of these gentlemen, writing separately, ascribes the advance of the last ten years, which they cannot deny, mainly to the creation of these schools of design, and to the spreading by them of a kind of knowledge which previously did not exist. The increase of these schools has been great and rapid. Ninety are now established and working. Upwards of 70,000 pupils are reported to Government as receiving instruction in art. The general proficiency is undoubtedly on the increase. By the report published in May last it appears that the first-class prizes for 1862 are 3778, against 2785 in 1860, being an increase of 1000 in two years; the local medals are 1068 against 861; and the national medallion, 89 against 76. The standard is said to remain the same, and the increase is therefore a fair measure of the progress made. There are persons who say, "There is a point of refinement which is reached in some other countries to which you will never bring the English taste." I do not believe that. I see no reason why it should be true, and I see many reasons that make me think it improbable. There is no want of a love of beauty in the English mind. The English eye is more sensitive to dirt, to disorder, to whatever indicates negligence and slovenliness, than that of any people in Europe except the Dutch. Our gardens excel those of any other nation. There is not much to say for our architecture, but that is rather due to a want of good models from which to copy. The eye can only see what it has been trained to observe. No doubt wide distinctions of natural character do exist; and if we had tried this experiment before on a large scale and failed, there might be some reason for despondency. But it never has been tried. Artistic culture does not come by nature, and, unless it did, there was nothing by which it could possibly reach the mass of English society. I have never heard that English gentlemen were inferior to foreigners either in love for art or in capacity for appreciating it. And what one class can do, with equal opportunities any other can do. At any rate, let us contrive to try. It is too early to boast, but it is also too early to give it up. We now import skilled designers from France. But there was a time when no English school of painting existed, and when a gentleman imported his pictures as necessarily as he imports his wine. We know how little that is the case now. So, again, fifty years ago, architecture, as an art, was almost extinct in England. Look at most buildings of the last century, especially the latter part of it, and you cannot fail to be struck by the want, not so much of taste, as of all attempt at taste. In our towns the very idea of ornament seemed to be discarded, and the utmost ambition of the architect was to produce at a moderate cost a box of bricks in which a family might conveniently reside. But within the last thirty years a great revival has taken place. Public buildings and houses on a large scale are, for the most part, now such as you can look at, not only without offence, but with real enjoyment. I wish I could say the same of smaller buildings, of our suburban villas, our cotton-mills, our rows of cottages. The best that can be said of these, for the most part, is that they are not likely to stand long to encumber the earth. But even here there are exceptions to the general rule of deformity. Near Wigan, if I may select one instance, I saw the other day a new mill of vast extent rising (and I am glad to see it on other than artistic grounds), which is not, as usual, an eyesore, but a pleasure to the eye to rest on, so well has architectural effect been studied in its construction. I suspect if any manufacturer had indulged in such a taste at the beginning of this century he would have found trouble in proving his sanity among his neighbours in business. At the present day the instance I mention, though still rare, is not unique. In Manchester, in Liverpool, in the city of London, there are buildings destined for business purposes—banks, insurance offices, warehouses, and the like—which may fairly compete for splendour and purity of design with similar works in any part of the world. We have, then, the fact, patent to observation, that in every branch of fine art—in architecture, in painting, in decorative skill—England, during the present generation, has made great and rapid progress. I think, therefore, that in promoting these schools of design, intended for the better culture of art, we are supplying a real want, representing a real tendency of our time; and in that belief I now undertake with pleasure the duty that has brought us here—that of giving away the prizes to the successful competitors. May they go on as they have begun; may they remember that early victories are not necessarily a guarantee for continued success. No step can be gained without effort; and he, I believe, is no true artist to whom that effort is not a pleasure; and let those who have been unlucky in the present competition recollect that the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong, and look forward with unabated confidence to future trials, certain that no considerable position was ever yet attained in any department of human labour without the painful but necessary experience of occasional failure.

A GENTLEMAN OF LIVERPOOL has offered to give the sum of £1000 towards a sum of £10,000, which he estimates will be required to purchase all the miserable and unhealthy courts which still disfigure that town, and which constantly generate fever and other infectious diseases.





ELCHE, AN OLD MOORISH TOWN IN ANDALUSIA.

**THE TOWN OF ELCHE.**

THE traveller in Spain who has reached Alicante, where the excursionists seek a retreat for sea-bathing during the hot summer weather, can scarcely fail to be struck by the entirely African character of the surrounding country.

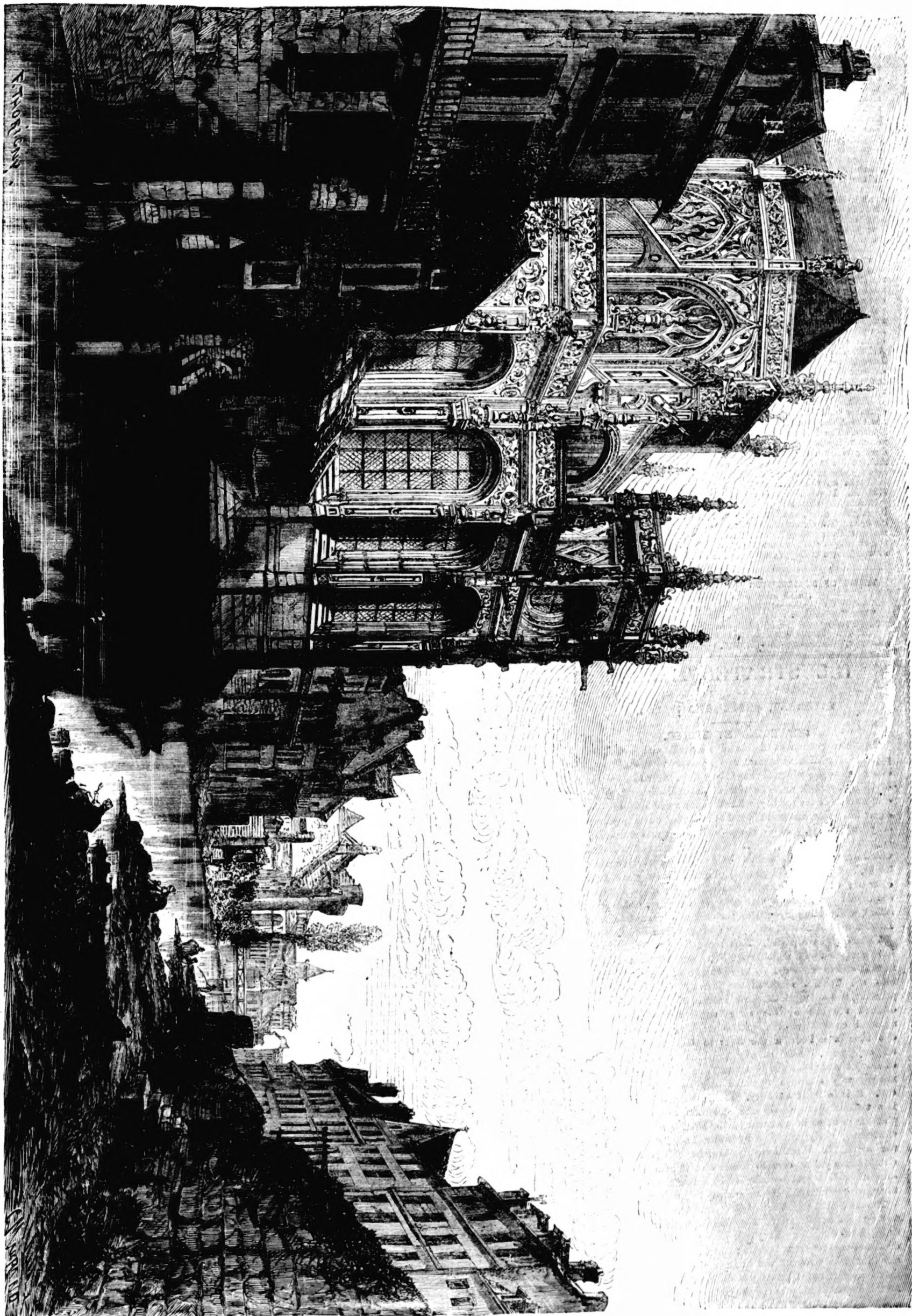
Alicante itself, situated in a bay of the Mediterranean, is built on a peninsula beneath a rocky mountain, at the summit of which a fortified castle stands 400 ft. above the sea; the town still retains a large seaport trade with France, England, and America, exporting barilla, almonds, wine, oil, and brandy; dates also form a con-

siderable article of trade; and it is in the environs of Elche, the town represented in our Engraving, but a short distance from Alicante, and reached by coasting round the shore, that the great date-groves are seen in their fullest perfection. These magnificent palm-groves, which are so thickly planted that it is frequently difficult to penetrate through the paths of flowers, were part of the inheritance left by the old Moorish conquerors of Spain, and the fruit is still of such fine quality as to be sold as "Barbary grown." The surrounding country is dry, arid, and parched by a scorching sun, the hot sand of which the soil is composed fairly burning the

eyes which have but just turned from the cooler sea-breezes of Alicante. Everything is of an African character, so that there is little difference between the aspect of the environs and that of the opposite coast of Morocco.

Amidst this desert Elche is the oasis—fruitful, verdant, and shadowy—where the country houses stand embowered in trees, and the Spaniards of ancient blood and lineage still look out from their turreted balconies upon their date-harvests. Elche itself is of the true Moorish type; churches, palaces, and private houses, all partake of that wonderful architecture—gorgeous, mystic, and gloomy—





CHURCH OF ST. PETER AT CAM.



which belongs to the time before the conquerors were driven out of Spain. The river which traverses Elche is in winter crossed by a rather elegant bridge; but in summer the bed of the stream is as dry as the high road, and filled with a thick growth of gigantic cacti. From the tower of the picturesque old Church of Santa Maria the view of Elche, embowered in palms, is one of the most exquisite in Spain. One of the most remarkable buildings in the town—the one, indeed, which holds a prominent position in our Illustration—is the villa of the Marquis de Molins, who represents one of the oldest families of Spanish nobility, and has taken no inconsiderable part in the literature of the country.

#### ST. PETER'S CHURCH, CAEN.

CAEN, the chief town of the department of Calvados (so named from a long reef of rocks on its coast, on which a Spanish vessel, the Calvados, was wrecked in the reign of Philip II.), combines much of the quaint grandeur of antiquity, with the width of street, the grand open square, and the clean look of the white, stone-built houses, which are more particularly characteristic of modern cities. It is situated on the river Orne, about ten miles from its mouth. A smaller stream, the Odon, passes through the town and around the line of its old ramparts, to which it formerly served as a fosse. The town contains 43,000 inhabitants, of whom about 2000 are English; and the tall, white, Norman headresses of the women, ornamented with lappets behind and sometimes with lace, are striking and quaint to the stranger's eye. Caen possesses numerous fine specimens of ancient architecture, and among the finest, perhaps, is the Church of St. Peter, shown in our Engraving. It is situated in the centre of the town, on one side of a small market-place, full of bustle in the earlier part of the day, and is surmounted by one of the most graceful towers and spires, in the complete Gothic style, which Normandy can produce; the middle story, formed of tall lancet windows framed within reeded moulding, is a model of strength and lightness: it is surmounted by a spire of stone, partly pierced au jour. It was built in 1308, and is 242 ft. high. The nave was constructed probably about the same time, the choir, more richly ornamented, rather later, while its roof and the chapels round the choir were added in 1521. The rich groining of the roof of the choir is surpassed in the chapels, where it assumes the form of pendent fringes, giving the roof a cellular character, while openings are substituted for keystones. The side walls of these chapels are pierced with arches and set with statues. Some of the capitals of the columns in the nave exhibit ludicrous carvings, such as Aristotle bridled and ridden by the mistress of Alexander, and Lancelot crossing the sea on his sword, from the old romances. The exterior of the east end, well seen from the banks of the river, is as much Italian as Gothic, so entirely are forms and styles jumbled together.

William the Conqueror was a liberal benefactor to Caen, and two churches built by him still remain as monuments of his piety. These are the Abbaye aux Hommes (now called St. Etienne) and aux Dames. The first-named he designed as a resting-place for his own remains. It was founded in 1066, and finished and dedicated in 1077, during William's lifetime—Lanfranc being the first Abbot. The Abbaye aux Dames (now called the Church of la Ste. Trinite) was also founded in 1066, and was dedicated the same year (though probably in an unfinished state) by the Conqueror's wife, Queen Matilda. It was intended for a nunnery of noble ladies.

Lacemaking is now the principal industry carried on in Caen and its neighbourhood, and is said to occupy about 20,000 women and children. The streets of the suburbs are lined with family parties, seated at their cottage doors and merrily twirling their bobbins. In the vicinity of the town are the quarries from which the Caen stone, so well known in English architectural works, is obtained.

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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1863.

#### GRAVESEND BY WATER.

THE conservation of means of agreeable and economical popular relaxation is a matter of some importance. It is, nevertheless, one which in these latter days has run some risk of being overlooked. The tide of fashion, directed by the enticements of the railway, with its rapid speed and its cheap excursion-trains, has proved fatal to many of our enjoyments of younger days. Along the most pleasant and convenient highway in the world, the Londoner of a score of years ago was wont to travel between smiling meadows, willow-covered banks, and pleasant villages, enjoying all the way the fresh clear air of the river, with freedom of his limbs and such corporeal refreshment as his needs might require, or his purse afford, while riding joyously on the deck of a steam-boat from London to Richmond, Twickenham, or Hampton Court.

Those days have passed. It is not only that the railways have competed with the old river boats and beaten them alike in time and in economy. The discharge of noxious matters into the Thames rendered the journey less healthful and pleasant, and at length the establishment of huge waterworks drained the bed of the river until the steamers ran aground constantly even before reaching Richmond. At one time a sail down the river to Gravesend furnished an enjoyment. The railway provided a quicker mode of transit and beat the steamers from the river. But a railway trip is always regarded only as a means to an end. It is in itself a misery. First, second, or third class, it is a tedious penance. No one who travels by a train feels pleasure in it, as in an excursion by boat. Towns, such as Gravesend, easily accessible by water, have felt the loss of the attraction which formerly brought crowds of visitors. Comparatively few care to travel cooped in a carriage, for such delights as can be afforded by a few hours in a rural town, with a dreary homeward journey in prospect.

The municipal authorities of Gravesend have been awakened to a sense of the situation. They find the trade and popularity of the town declining. They now propose to re-establish a line of steam-packets from London; but they suggest that these should run only during the summer months, leaving to the trains the carriage of passengers during the winter. By this means they hope to make the project remunerative.

And upon this point alone we beg to differ from them. There is, notwithstanding the custom now national of long autumn

holidays, a large number of hardly-worked professional and other brain-labourers to whom a long absence from urban vocations is simply impossible, and to whom also a railway journey is a matter of annoyance scarcely supportable. To these the facility for a trip to Gravesend and back by water would doubtless be a boon. Londoners, generally, are beginning to appreciate the Thames, now that they have to a great extent lost it. It is no longer the "silent highway." Hissing and screaming railways traverse it at frequent intervals above bridge, while below it has ceased to be a highway. The most memorable cockney "outing" upon record is that of Hogarth and a party of friends to Gravesend, where they played at hop-scotch in the Townhall—an excursion of which the great painter has left us a vivid record replete with life and honest English jollity, a record which Mr. Thackeray has somewhat sneered at for its *bourgeois* sentiment; but which, nevertheless, may still find hearty sympathy with the many whose pleasures are not bounded by the limits of gentility. Hogarth did not go to Gravesend merely with the object of playing hop-scotch, but for the treat of the sail down the river. This pleasure has been enjoyed to our own day. It has now ceased, and the Gravesend folks see the desirability of restoring it, for their own profit's sake.

If they really perceive this, they ought not to stop at the annual termination of the autumn season. The steamers may compete successfully with the rail, even in the matter of fares, in the summer time. In the winter they may still, by judicious management, pick up passengers who may be too late for the trains, or to whom railway travelling may be irksome, as it is to most people, and to whom a saving of an hour or so may not be a primary object. If the packets carry an ulterior object of benefiting the town beyond the mere profit of the voyage, let the town prepare to bear a small immediate loss during the winter season. But to keep the boats idle in dock, to throw competent and experienced working hands out of employ during half the year, and to be compelled to seek for and train annually a new staff of river navigators, will, if we mistake not, be seriously detrimental to the projectors.

We offer these considerations in all good faith, and with the most earnest hope for the success of the new Gravesend line of packets, into whose hands the direction may fall. It only needs to have enjoyed, as thousands among us have done, the delights of many a joyous day on the broad tide of the Thames, from London to the estuary, to make us long for the restoration to ourselves and to those who may come after us of one of our most accessible, rational, and wholesome pleasures.

#### SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY, having returned from her trip to Germany, left Windsor for Balmoral on Monday evening, and arrived safely at her destination on Tuesday at a quarter past six o'clock.

A MARRIAGE is reported to be in contemplation between Prince Humbert, heir apparent to the throne of Italy, and a Princess of Portugal. Letters from Turin, however, declare this report to be without foundation.

THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN and the ARCHDUCHESS CHARLOTTE have consented to act as godfather and godmother to the great-grandchild of the celebrated patriot of the Tyrol, Andrew Hofer.

THE KING OF THE HELLENES was to leave Copenhagen on Thursday for St. Petersburg, where he would remain three days, and then proceed to Brussels and London—arriving in the former city on the 30th inst., and in the latter on the 5th of October.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, whose health is still in a very precarious state, is said to be under homoeopathic treatment, in which he is a firm believer.

THE EX-GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY has accepted the functions of Syndic or Mayor of the commune of Schladtenwerth, in Bohemia.

COUNT DE PERSIGNY has been created a Duke by the Emperor Napoleon, in testimony of regard for his services to the State and his personal devotion to the Emperor.

MR. GEORGE PEABODY has endowed Yale College, U.S., with a new geological cabinet, at a cost of £25,000.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has recommended the clergy of his diocese to set apart an early day for thanksgiving for the plentiful harvest with which the country has this year been blessed.

THE CASKET designed as a wedding gift from the ladies of Edinburgh to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has been completed, and is now ready for presentation at the first favourable opportunity.

THE VINTAGE has commenced in several districts in France, and the yield of grapes is generally regarded as satisfactory. From Spain, however, the reports are not so favourable.

THE BISHOP OF NORWICH has commenced proceedings against the Rev. G. Drury, Rector of Claydon, Suffolk, for having introduced innovations into the celebration of Divine worship in the parish church.

A DIRECT STEAM LINE from Liverpool to Gibraltar and Algiers has just been organised. The first vessel (the Hope) will be dispatched on the 25th instant.

SOME THIEVES broke into the premises of Mr. D. W. Fox, a merchant of Bradford, one night last week, and carried off an iron safe weighing about 7 cwt. The watchman on the premises has been apprehended on suspicion of being concerned in the burglary.

HOP-PICKING is progressing favourably in the east of France, but the crop is small, though of good quality. It is calculated that the yield will be one third less than that of 1862, which was only an average year.

FOUR MEN were executed in a batch at Liverpool on Saturday last. They were each guilty of murder, women in three instances out of the four having been the victims.

THE LARGE INCREASE OF VIPERS in FRANCE, observed of late years, has become serious enough to induce the Government to suggest to the councils-general of departments the propriety of voting a sum of money for their destruction.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF GARIBALDI'S ENTRY INTO NAPLES, on the 7th of September, has this year been celebrated with extraordinary enthusiasm in the south of Italy, the authorities encouraging the people in the expression of their admiration for and gratitude to the Liberator.

THE EARL OF ESSEX has written to the *Times*, expressing his disapprobation of the prosecution of the men at Leigh for saving their hay on a Sunday, and intimates his readiness to add his subscription of £5 to the fund which is being raised to test the legality of the sentence passed by the local magistrates.

THREE MEN were recently killed by lightning near Strasbourg, while engaged in ringing the church bells for the purpose of keeping off thunder-boots and preventing the ravages of the tempest—a superstition prevalent in that and other districts of France.

THE NOTTINGHAM RIFLES have completed their shooting in the great match between them and the Australian crack marksmen. The following were the points made:—At 200 yards, 190; at 300 yards, 156; at 400 yards, 196; at 500 yards, 163; at 600 yards, 123; at 700 yards, 142; at 800 yards, 109; at 900 yards, 71;—grand total, 1155.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT have surrendered the brigand chiefs captured on board the *Aunis*, at Genoa, to the Italian Government—on the condition, however, as is asserted, that they shall not be condemned to capital punishment.

A WOMAN NAMED SMITH has been committed for trial, at Sible Hedingham, for causing the death of an old Frenchman, named Dummy. She fancied herself bewitched by him, and therefore ducked him in a pond until he was so much exhausted that he died.

THE REMAINS OF A CHILD were last week discovered in the belfry of St. George's Church, Blackman-street, Borough, thus showing that White-chapel is not the only church in London where this method of disposing of the bodies of infants has been resorted to.

EARL ST. VINCENT'S Lord Clifden won the great St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster on Wednesday.

GENERAL MOURAVIEFF is about, it is said, to commence actions for libel against several French newspapers.

THE GASLAMP in the side walks of the Champs-Élysées have just been replaced by others of a new model. They resemble in shape an antique vase. The light springs from an imitation candle, and at the top is a white porcelain reflector. These lamps give a much more brilliant light than those on the old system.

AN ATTEMPT is to be made to seize the Confederate steamer *Florida* at Brest, where she is being repaired in the Imperial dock, at the suit of a shipowner, named Menier, who claims an indemnity of 100,000*fr.* for one of his vessels destroyed by that cruiser. This project, however, cannot be carried out so long as the ship is in the military dock, as she is there under the protection of France.

LIEUTENANT THOMAS, of the 32nd Foot, last week walked sixty miles in nineteen hours and thirty-five minutes, fully accoutred as a private soldier, with rifle, knapsack, kit, bayonet, and twenty rounds of ammunition, the whole weighing about 66 lb. The gallant officer had undertaken to walk the sixty miles within twenty hours, and thus won with twenty-five minutes to spare.

A ROMANTIC STORY was lately circulated in Cracow of a peasant who had joined the insurgents with his wife, his daughter, and his daughter's betrothed. The detachment was attacked the moment it crossed the frontier. The father, mother, and lover fell in fight, and the daughter, already wounded, was only saved by an officer who discovered her sex.

BISHOP MORLEY was fond of a joke. Once, when the footman was out of the way, he ordered the coachman to fetch some water from the well, to which the coachman made a grumbling objection that his business was to drive, not to run errands. "Well, then," said Morley, "bring out the coach and four, set the pitcher inside, and drive to the well," a service which was several times repeated, to the great amusement of almost the entire village.

THE NEW YORK JOURNALS that wish to have a dash at England parade the fact in their columns that a person named Ainslie, whom they call an English Lord, picked the pocket of a fellow-passenger on the passage of the *Corsican* of a bank of England note for £300.

A ROWING-MATCH, for a cup value £50 and the championship of the Tyne, took place on Saturday last between Chambers and Kelley, and resulted in a victory for the former. The same prize was contested for a short time since by Chambers, Cooper, and Kelley, in which Cooper was successful; but that match was declared void in consequence of a foul. Cooper, however, still claims the cup and championship.

DURING ONE WEEK LAST MONTH 1624 Mormons landed at New York, on their way to the Salt Lake, from Liverpool and London. Most of them were intelligent and well-dressed persons.

ON THE 30TH OF JULY LAST the national debt of the United States was £219,454,861, and the yearly interest payable on it £8,455,600, averaging a little more than 3½ per cent.

#### THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

LORD STANLEY often makes startling speeches. I remember that once, when the question of secular education was before the House, he scared the old fogies and made the religious people look aghast by asserting that "all knowledge is Divine." "What nonsense!" grumbled an old county member. "Worse than that," said a notable Protestant defender of the faith, "it is mere German Rationalism." The House generally, however, cheered the sentiment. Well, his Lordship, in a speech delivered at Liverpool, has again "fluttered the dovescotes" in old foggydom, and perplexed all the pedantic pedagogues throughout the kingdom with fear of change. He now proposes to reform the education in our public schools, and compel the masters to teach the boys therein something that will be useful in the battle of life, instead of cramming them with mere Latin and Greek, which, in nine cases out of ten, are of no use to them whatever. He does not ask that classical teaching should be abolished, but he objects to the teaching of it to the exclusion of more useful branches of learning. Lord Stanley seems to wish that science should be taught in our schools. But, with all deference to Lord Stanley, it seems to me that this is not practicable nor desirable. I would have Latin taught, and Greek if required—but certainly Latin, as that is the gateway to most of our European languages—French and German ought also to be prominent features. But above all let the boys have a sound English education. With respect to science, it seems to me that the lads, most of whom leave school at the age of sixteen, would scarcely have time for that. Besides, I do not see how it is possible to impart more than the merest smattering of science in public schools. Better, my Lord, give a boy a good general education, and, thus prepared, he can, if he have time and an aptitude for scientific studies, follow them if he like.

Meeting my club friend Blogg the other morning, I found him quite elated by this speech of Lord Stanley, because he had got it into his noddle that Lord Stanley had taken the hint from him. "Depend upon it," said he, "that his Lordship read your remarks in the ILLUSTRATED TIMES with my comments thereon, which you did me the honour to publish. Well," he added, seeing me smile at this conceit, "I suppose you fancy that his Lordship never reads such papers as the ILLUSTRATED TIMES. If you do, I can tell you that you are wrong. I have not the honour of his Lordship's acquaintance; his Lordship is very sparing of his intimacy, and it is as difficult to get at him as it is to push your nag through a holly hedge. But I know some who have, and happen to know that Lord Stanley is a voracious reader, and that he is specially fond of making incursions into popular literature, that he may know what the people read. However, the speech is a good speech, and I hope he will follow it up, and then we shall have reform carried at last into these old frowsy rookeries. Here is a case. You know poor Plodder, the Vicar of Blacktown, who died lately, leaving a widow and three boys?" "Of course I did." "Well, I am guardian of these lads, and, as there is a foundation school in the place, I intended to get them educated there; but I find I can't." "Why not?" "Why, because the stupid old pedagogues teach nothing but Latin and Greek, except just a spice of mathematics; and, as these boys must go to business at sixteen, it would be madness to send them to such a school as that. Mind you, don't suppose that I decry classical learning. It's all very good in its place; but to turn out lads at sixteen to earn their living with nothing but Latin and Greek to help them is foolish, and, I may say, cruel. No! I must send them abroad—I think, to St. Omer's. The mother don't like this, of course, and it is a great shame that I should be obliged to do it. I called on old Dr. Gerard, the Head Master of the Grammar School, to see if anything could be done; but I found him as stiff and unbending as a poker; and when I took the liberty of expressing a hope that the system would soon be changed, egad! the old buffer looked as if he would like to eat me on the spot. 'This school was never intended to make tradesmen, but gentlemen and scholars, Sir,' he shouted out, looking as red as a turkey cock. And so I made my bow and skedaddled. However, it will be altered before he is many years older. I have heard a little bird whisper that a certain great lawyer has some notions on this subject seething under his wig, and if once he sets to work he will astonish pedagogy not a little."

The *Times* used to burk Mr. Grant Duff's speeches in Parliament, or, at all events, to give but a very short abridgement of them; but last Session it was evident that the word had been passed from Printing House-square to report them at length; and I noticed that a speech which Mr. Grant Duff delivered at Elgin lately was reported, I should fancy, almost verbatim. This is right. Mr. Grant Duff is not an impressive speaker, and never will be, I fear. His voice and manner are both barriers in the way of success in this direction. The latter, it is true, might possibly be reformed; but I do not think it will be. It wants—what shall I say?—well, manliness, for the want of a better term; and I believe the attainment of this is beyond the reach of art. His voice, of course, cannot be altered. His ideas, however, are often very good. He dares to think for himself, and, a still rarer quality, he does not fear to utter his thoughts. There are but few men in the house who dare say the things which he utters; and now and then there peeps out an originality which is not common in the house. I have known him, too, perplex old foggydom; and there is occasionally a piquancy which calls to mind some of the articles in the *Saturday Review* in its youthful days. Rumour says that Mr. Grant Duff used to write for the *Saturday*. Whether this be true I know not; but I may



safely assert that he writes now, or did write lately, in the *London Review*.

By-the-by, Mr. Grant Duff quoted an admirable sentence from a speech of Lord Palmerston on the Polish question? I heard that speech, was very much struck at the time by this admirable sentence, and meant to notice it in this column; but the torrent of business washed it clean out of my memory. His Lordship was excusing the Emperor of Russia, and gave utterance to this fine and terse remark:—"There is no such calamity as to be born to an heritage of triumphant wrong." Nothing finer than this was ever said in or out of Parliament. It reminds me of some of the terse sentences of the speakers of the olden time, when there was no Reporters' Gallery, and diffuseness had not come into fashion.

No one will rejoice to hear that Marquis Townshend is dead; but we may be permitted to be glad that Lord Raynham will now leave the House of Commons. His Lordship (who is the son of the late Marquis—the seventh—who was son of Lord John Townshend, and cousin of the sixth Marquis) came into the House in 1856, on the accession of his father to the Peerage. For three years Lord Raynham was clerk in the Foreign Office, and perhaps whilst there he got a passion for business which he could not afterwards suppress. However this may be, he had not been in the House long before he set to work as a practical reformer, and every Session since he has favoured the House with one or more bills to carry out petty social reforms, or rather changes. Last year, I am told, he introduced no less than seven bills. I cannot enumerate the measures on which he has tried his "prentice hand." None of them, however, came to maturity. Some perished at their birth, others died of neglect, and all met with an untimely death. Of these notable schemes of the noble Lord I describe only two—to wit, one for abolishing flogging in schools, and another for abolishing midwives. Yes, reader, it was really so. Last Session his Lordship did actually introduce a bill into the House to make the practice of midwifery by other than legally-qualified accoucheurs penal. I take it, that now his Lordship will let such matters alone. The House of Lords will hardly be so tolerant of his vagaries as the Commons were. His Lordship has left the House of Commons now, or I should have suggested that some member should move for a return of all the bills brought into the House by his Lordship and their cost to the country. These seven bills last Session, I suspect, did not cost much less than £150.

Tamworth will of course do as it is bidden, and return whomsoever Sir Robert Peel and the new Marquis shall recommend. If they cannot agree, Sir Robert will return a man himself, for his influence is really paramount. The Hon. Mr. Cowper, I see, is a candidate. This must be a brother of the Earl.

A correspondent has sent me the following as a correction of my statement in last week's *ILLUSTRATED TIMES* with reference to the new ferry-boat running between Birkenhead and Liverpool:—

The Mersey Dock and Harbour Board have nothing whatever to do with the Birkenhead and Liverpool ferry; it is the property and under the control of the Birkenhead commissioners. The new boat, which well deserved your notice, is called "The Cheshire," and was designed by, and built under the direction of, Mr. George Harrison, of Birkenhead, managing director of the Millwall Ironworks, London, who is one of the Birkenhead commissioners. The Cheshire is registered to carry 1600 persons, and does credit to the town of Birkenhead.

#### THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The new play of the "Scottish Chief, or the Maid of Ellerslie," produced last Saturday at the Surrey, achieved as great a success as could be hoped for for a high-class piece at a minor theatre. It is somewhat ambitiously written in what is apparently intended for blank verse. The metre, whatever it may be (it is not blank verse), is, in the present case, generally smooth enough, and tolerably vigorous. I caught, however, one or two curious examples of *batios*, which I am sure will not be retained when once indicated. Thus it was announced that, by proclamation there had been offered "Ten thousand pounds for Wallace—dead or living—if he be taken!" In another instance a Caledonian hero, embracing his country's flag as henceforth his only bride, declared his intention of keeping the object of his choice "for better or for worse," at which the audience laughed good-humouredly enough. Again, one of the Scottish warriors avowed "Heaven arms the patriot's hand—yet, still, we must be cautious." I confess I do not admire the character of Wallace as portrayed in the drama. His defeats begin with the second act, and throughout the whole play he is in tribulation arising from his having complicated patriotism with clandestine matrimony just when his country most required his undivided energies. Mr. James Anderson rendered Wallace most effectively, and received the honour of a well-merited call, as did also Mr. Fernandez for the spirit with which he enacted Sir James Douglas. Miss Pauncefort played Helen Wallace with great discrimination and pathos. The scenery, as usual at this house, called forth boisterous acclamations, and the painters, Messrs. Johnson and Brew, received their full share of the applause which followed the fall of the curtain.

A drama, well written and admirably produced, is being played at the Victoria, under the title of "The Trail of Sin." The plot turns upon the search for and discovery by a wife of the supposed murderer of her lost husband. It is full of incident and interest, and was received with the utmost appreciation on the part of the audience. The management appears to be earnestly bent on carrying out the object of restoring the Victoria to that position among metropolitan theatres which it held as the old "Coburg." An improvement in the conduct of a theatre is sure to be reflected in the behaviour of its audience. More decent and orderly assemblages could scarcely be wished for than those of the Victoria at present. The scenery of the above-named piece demands especial commendation. The last scene, representing a dark night on a rocky shore, with a gale at sea and a vessel driven before it, fairly took the audience by surprise, which was redoubled when the scene gradually changed to sunrise, with the tide receding and the surf dashing upon the beach below the rocks. All this was represented with a fidelity and skill which alone would suffice to repay a visit to the house. Mr. Henry Leslie is the author of the drama, which is most creditable to his practised pen. The piece was, moreover, capital acted, the principal characters being sustained by Mr. Basil Potter, Mr. F. Villiers, Mr. G. Yarnold, and Mesdames. Bowring and Maria Daley.

Drury Lane opened on Saturday last with a new comedy, entitled "Nature's above Art: A Romance of the Nursery," by Mr. Edmund Falconer. The second part of the title is accounted for by the plot, which turns upon the circumstance of most of the principal characters having been changed at nurse. This is at length most lucidly explained by that most coherent of narrators, Mrs. Gamp, who appears in the last scene under the name of Gampoge (the change in her case being purely nominal). But Mr. Falconer has not laboured to render his comedy sensational or emotional, and the dialogue has evidently been the principal object of his study. The characters talk sensibly and well, and with enough spirit and humour to excite the frequent applause of the audience. Still, Mr. Falconer should not attempt a sneer at the *Family Herald*, which certainly cannot be accused of pandering to the morbid sentimentality of its readers, and thus unfitting its humbler supporters for their stations in life. Much of Mr. Falconer's ethical dialogue reminded me forcibly of the moral dissertations in that periodical, and these very parts were those which the more serious portion of the audience appeared to appreciate most highly. The cast included Mr. Ryder, who, as Mr. Mordaunt, was somewhat more heavy and less genial than the character of an old English gentleman appeared to demand; Mr. Belmont, who played Edgar Mordaunt, a low comedy part, most effectively, and with an utter absence of exaggeration; Mr. Walter Lacy, as voluble and volatile as could be wished; and Mr. Addison, who, as a British prize-fighter, appeared scarcely to be at home in the part, and to hesitate occasionally upon the verge of imitation of Mr. Paul Bedford. Miss Murray was sufficiently charming as Ellen Lacy, and Miss Charlotte Saunders supported Sally Stiggins with the full amount of humour indicated by the text. The piece was successful; in fact, if I were to judge by the applause at its termination, I might say triumphant.

#### THE FORTESCUE STATUE.

THE ceremony of inaugurating the statue which has been erected to the memory of the late Earl Fortescue in the Castle-yard, Exeter, took place on Friday, the 11th inst. The various military bands in the county, including Yeomanry, Militia, and Volunteers, attended, as well as several volunteer officers and members of various corps. The noblemen and gentlemen of the county were also largely represented. Amongst those present were the Duke of Somerset, Lord Lieutenant of Devonshire and First Lord of the Admiralty; Earl Fortescue, Lord Churston, Lord Poltimore, the Earl and Countess Moyley, Sir E. S. Pridmore, Sir J. Bowring; Sir H. F. Davis, M.P.; the Hon. M. Pellow; Sir G. Stucley, High Sheriff of Devon; Sir B. P. Wrey; Mr. S. T. Kekewich, M.P.; Mr. J. W. Buller, M.P.; and Mr. E. Divett, M.P.

The statue, which is a noble work of art, by Mr. E. B. Stephens, is erected just outside the railings of the castle, in front of the entrance and the old Castle of Rougemont. It is executed in Sicilian marble, and the figure of the deceased Earl is 8 ft. in height. The noble Lord is in the attitude of speaking. The left leg, which exhibits the Garter presented to him as a reward for his public services, is advanced, and the right hand grasps his robe, which indicates his rank in the Peerage. The order of St. Patrick, conferred on the Earl for his services as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, encircles the neck, and the collar and cuffs of the coat show that his Lordship was once the Lord Lieutenant of Devon. The front of the statue bears the following inscription:—"Hugh, Earl Fortescue, K.G., Lord Lieutenant of Devon. Justitiam tenax, factis dictisque meritis, agnosco procerem." On one side is the further inscription:—"This memorial, marking the love of friends and the respect of all, was erected 1863." On the other side is the inscription:—"In grateful remembrance of a noble and generous character, and of unwearied diligence in the discharge of public duty, continued to the last day of a long life, ended Sept. 14, 1861."

Lord Clifford, as chairman of the memorial committee, handed over the statue to the Duke of Somerset, the present Lord Lieutenant of the county, and in doing so said that, so heartily unanimous and cordial was the support the committee had received, they were enabled to erect a most handsome statue to the late lamented Earl in the place where they were now met, which was so long the scene of his labours, and also to commemorate his more immediate private worth, by adding a wing to the Barnstable Infirmary, in which his Lordship took a lively and active interest.

The statue was then uncovered, the united volunteer bands playing the National Anthem. The gift of the statue was acknowledged by the Duke of Somerset, who paid a high tribute to the public and private worth of the nobleman in whose honour it had been erected.

SINGULAR CRICKETING INCIDENT.—On Wednesday morning, while the members of the Kidderminster Grammar School Cricket Club were practising in their playground, a swallow flew across between the wickets at the moment a ball was being bowled, and was knocked down by it and driven along the ground for several yards; the ball proceeded on its course and took the wicket. The swallow was just gasping when picked up, and died in a minute or two afterwards.

#### THE FEDERAL FRIGATE NEW IRONSIDES.

THE frigate of war *New Ironsides* is one of the heaviest iron-plated ships which the Federals have yet constructed, and great things were anticipated as to her performances when she was first brought into action in Admiral Dupont's unsuccessful attack on Charleston in April last. She does not, however, appear to have fully realised the expectations formed of her. On the occasion referred to the *Ironsides* was the flagship of the Admiral, and in sailing up the channel leading to the harbour she got out of gear, refused to obey her helm, and became practically non-effective in the brief cannonade which took place between the northern ironclads and the Confederate fortifications. Though unable to support her consorts in the attack, the *Ironsides* was not herself out of danger, having been struck between sixty and seventy times, but without sustaining any material damage. After having been repaired, along with the other vessels of the fleet, the *Ironsides* is once more engaged in the effort to reduce the defences of Charleston, and we believe has still the honour of acting as the flagship of Admiral Dahlgren, who now commands the naval portion of the attacking forces. The *Ironsides* is not constructed after the model which has been adopted in our *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, and other vessels of the same class; but was built to test an idea broached some time ago in America. The hull is broad at the water-line, the sides of the ship sloping inwards up to the edge of the bulwarks. This form of construction was expected to have this advantage—that missiles striking the ship's side would glance off at an angle, and so do little or no damage to her framework. Access to the ship can only be obtained from the deck, as her ports close up from without, and become firmly fastened until opened again from within. An iron stair leads up the sloping sides of the huge hull, which altogether presents an appearance far from symmetrical, and little calculated to please a sailor's eye. The *Ironsides* is not designed to be a seagoing war-ship in the ordinary sense, but, like all vessels of the same style of construction, is better adapted for attacking forts, harbours, and other operations not requiring good sailing qualities.

#### GENERAL GILMORE.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL QUINCY A. GILMORE, Commander of the Federal forces engaged in the siege of Charleston, was born in Ohio, about thirty-six years ago. He entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1845, and graduated in 1849, at the head of a class of forty-three members. He was appointed to the Engineers, and was promoted to a first lieutenancy in 1856, and to a captaincy in 1861. From 1849 to 1852 he was engaged on the fortifications at Hampton Roads; and from 1852 to 1856 he was Instructor of Practical Military Engineering at West Point. He served from 1856 to 1861 as purchasing agent for the department in New York. In 1861 he was assigned to the staff of General Sherman, and accompanied him to Fort Royal. General Sherman appointed him Brigadier-General of Volunteers—a rank which the President confirmed. General Gilmore had entire charge of the siege operations against Fort Pulaski, and it was to his skill that the success of the bombardment was due. It was said of him on that occasion:—"The result of the efforts to breach a fort of such strength and at such a distance confers high honour on the engineering skill and self-reliant capacity of General Gilmore. Failure in an attempt made in opposition to the opinion of the ablest engineers in the army would have destroyed him. Success, which in this case is wholly attributable to his talent, energy, and independence, deserves a corresponding reward."

That reward he won. On the failure of Admiral Dupont's first naval attack on Charleston he was superseded by Admiral Dahlgren, and General Hunter by General Gilmore. The latter at once commenced his attack on Charleston, proceeding to land on Morris Island and advance on Fort Wagner, which, however, he has failed to capture, at least as far as we are at present aware. As stated in our last week's Number, General Gilmore reported both Wagner and Sumter as practically destroyed; but in this he appears to have somewhat over-estimated the result of his operations, for we now learn that neither fort has been captured, and that both have been at least partially repaired by General Beauregard. An incident of some interest in the siege of Charleston, and in General Gilmore's career, was the bombardment of the city with "Greek fire." The Federal Commander sent to General Beauregard a demand for the surrender of forts Wagner and Sumter, which he stated were certain to be destroyed by his batteries, and gave only four hours for consideration, the consequence of refusal being the bombardment of the city. This communication was not signed, and did not reach General Beauregard's hands till after the expiry of the time allowed, and was returned to the Federal General for authentication. Meanwhile, some shells were thrown into

Charleston, and this somewhat "sharp practice" produced an indignant protest from the Confederate Commander, who stigmatised the throwing of such combustibles as the so-called "Greek fire" into the midst of a city filled with sleeping women and children as "barbarous" and "atrocious." To this General Gilmore replied that he thought the time he allowed sufficient, that it was no fault of his if his letter did not reach General Beauregard earlier, and that if there were women and children in the city when his shells fell there they had themselves or General Beauregard to blame, as they had long been aware of the approaching attack, and ought, therefore, to have been out of harm's way. Since then, however, the bombardment of the city itself has not been renewed—whether in consequence of the remonstrances of General Beauregard, or because all the guns large enough to throw missiles so far had burst, we are not at present informed.

#### OPENING OF THE BAXTER PARK, DUNDEE.

As mentioned in our last week's Number, Earl Russell opened the Baxter Park, at Dundee, on the 9th inst. The day was kept as a close holiday, and the town was completely en fête. In the forenoon Earl Russell met the Town Council and the Guildry in the Corn Exchange, and was presented with the freedom of the burgh and created a guild brother. His Lordship was accompanied to the platform by Countess Russell, Lady Georgina Russell, the Earl of Dalhousie, Sir J. Ogilvy, and Sir D. Baxter. The Corn Exchange was crowded by the influential citizens of Dundee, who gave the noble Earl a cordial welcome. At one o'clock the various bodies who took part in the grand ceremony of the day met in the Barrack Park. When the line had been formed the procession marched through the principal streets to the people's park, which is situated at the north-eastern extremity of the town. The park occupies a space of 38 acres, and is most tastefully laid out. In the centre stands a handsome pavilion in the Italian style, built at a cost of £5000; and at each entrance there are handsome lodges. The cost of the park, its embellishment, and the sum set apart by the donor for its maintenance, cannot be less than £50,000.

A statue of Sir David Baxter, which has been subscribed for by upwards of 16,000 of the people of Dundee, as a mark of their gratitude for his noble gift, and which was executed by Mr. Steel, sculptor, Edinburgh, was uncovered on the occasion. Amongst the speakers at the opening of the park were the Earl of Dalhousie, the Earl of Camperdown, Sir David Baxter, and others.

In replying to a vote of thanks for his presence Earl Russell, who was received with enthusiastic cheers by the vast multitude, said:—"I hope you will allow me, as the youngest burgess of Dundee, to say a few words with regard to a matter which, I think, may tend to the usefulness of this park, for which the town of Dundee is much indebted to Sir D. Baxter. I was speaking to him of a notion which had occurred to my mind, and which I find had also occurred to him. Indeed, from his benevolence and sagacity, it was not likely to have escaped him. I have been accustomed, in the course of my life, to pay a great deal of attention to education, and I have been told of late years that those who are occupied in education in great towns—such as Glasgow, Birmingham, and like large towns—say that there is one great difficulty they have to contend with in their schools, namely, that in these towns there is no such thing as a playground. I think a playground is quite as useful as a school. It is still more easy to occupy a playground in these days when we are told by some clever philosophers that the boy who is at school three days in the week learns quite as much, if not more, than the boy who goes six, and that the boy who is at school half a day learns quite as much as the boy who is at school the whole day. Whether that be true or not I am not going to say; but I think it would be a great advantage to the schools in this town if they were to ask the permission of Lord Dalhousie and the other trustees to make this park from time to time a playground during the hours of recreation which the school allows. There is a very great tendency at the present time—which is a good tendency—of bringing people together in large towns, but it has a disadvantage, and that is, the children are brought up without having the least notion of the green field, of a game at cricket, or a game at trap-ball. It is, however, quite as essential that the body of a boy should be educated and his mind turned to these things as that he should learn his alphabet and his ciphers. I am in hopes that, being the youngest burgess in Dundee, my presumption may be excused, only I think it would be a great pleasure to me to know that the young generation of Dundee would enjoy the advantages of this park as much as those who are their elders, and able to give themselves to more manly pursuits. I beg to thank you all in the name of Lady Russell. I have certainly found by experience that there needs no better place to come to for a wife than to Scotland, and I certainly shall recommend to others the practice which I have adopted myself."

The weather was fortunately dry and sunny, and the proceedings passed off with great élan; there was a grand display of fireworks in the park, and illuminations in various parts. It had been intended to send up a large balloon, but the wind was unfavourable.

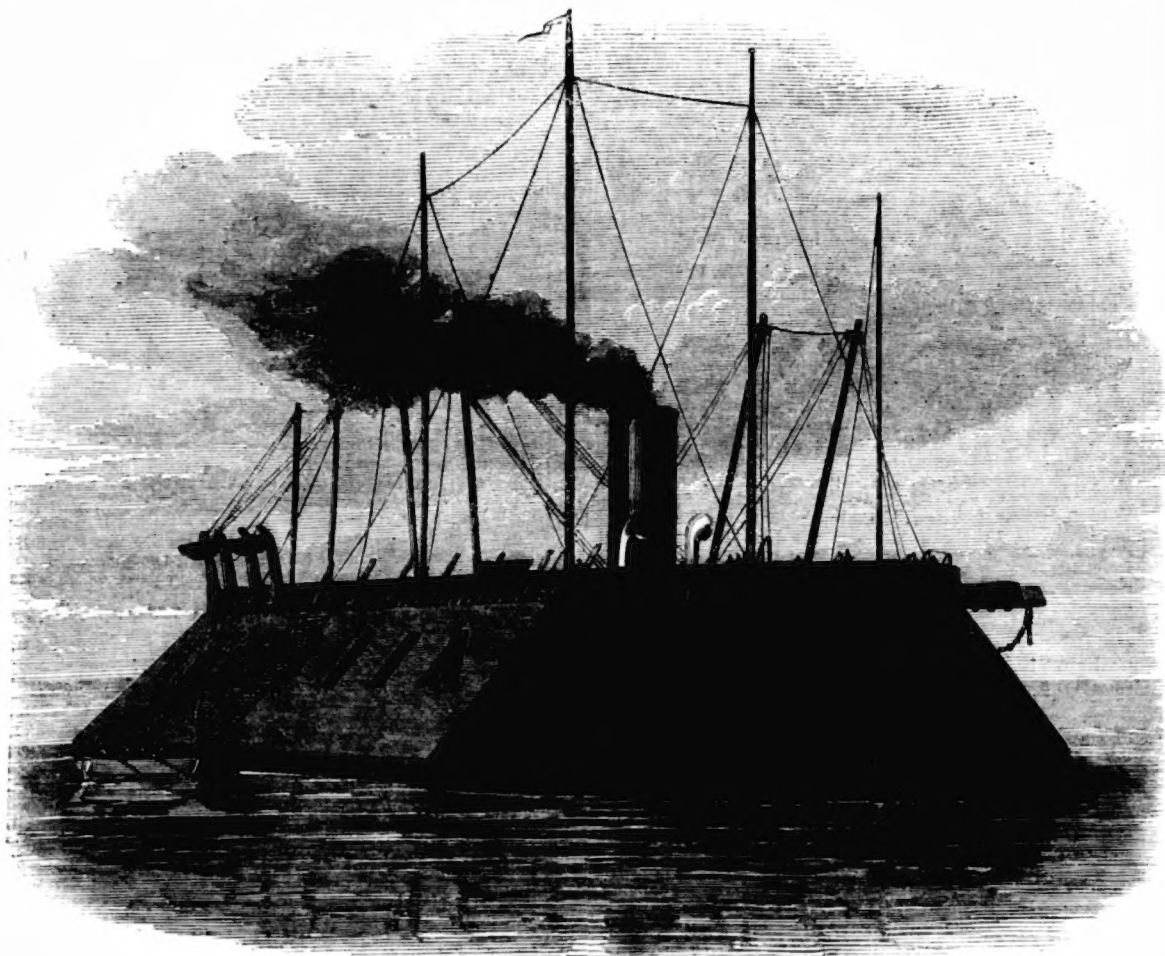
The pavilion in the Baxter Park, and which is portrayed in our Engraving, is beautifully situated on a broad terrace in the centre of the park, and being about 50 ft. above the principal entrance, commands a fine view of the most highly ornamental portions of the grounds, which have been laid out from the plans of Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P. The pavilion has been erected from the designs of Mr. G. H. Stokes, of London, and is constructed entirely of stone. It is in the Italian style of architecture, and comprises an open loggia or arcade, 62 ft. by 25 ft., with wings at each end. One of these wings contains a spacious refreshment-room and kitchen, and the other a ladies' cloakroom, with rooms over for a resident keeper; also a staircase, which leads to a terrace on the roof. In the back wall of the arcade is an alcove for the statue of Sir David Baxter, Bart.

#### SERVANTS HERE-AND THERE.

"SERVICE is no inheritance," says the old proverb; and yet one might come into a worse property than the reversion of some good footmanhood or butlerhood. The gentleman who attended the "swarry" at Bath at which Mr. Samuel Weller was a guest, and who acknowledged with apologies that he had so far forgotten himself (on the occasion of sudden illness in the house) as to carry a scuttle of coals up to the second floor, is scarcely an exaggerated example of some of the "pampered menials" who make up the retinue of families of distinction. One seldom hears now of the old and faithful servant, man or woman, who has become a member of the family by the right of trustful affection. Servants are a class apart. Living under the same roof, and practically concerned in the well-being of their masters and mistresses, they are as far removed from their sympathies as the horses they drive or the pet dogs they lead. And yet with what a half guilty consciousness do we know how all our little weaknesses and inconsistencies (we have no grave faults, of course) are observed and commented upon by those to whom we persuade ourselves we hold only the very loosest social relation! What an awful judgment is pronounced in the basement upon the infirmities of the upper apartments! With what a terrible "Vehmgericht" some people must be surrounded who ill-treat their servants, or (which is the same thing) who do not sufficiently conciliate them! It would be a hundred times better, even while you are cutting the saddle of mutton at the head of your table, to see the dagger stuck quivering in the mahogany and impaling a scroll inscribed with your shortcomings, than to know that the smug attendant who hands you the carving-knife carries that dreadful scroll in his pocket, ready to send off by the penny post whenever it suits his convenience or his humour.

If we may credit the constant complaints of ladies who superintend their own household, female servants are growing less bearable every day; their ingratitude, ignorance, and impertinence are only to be equalled by their independence—a qualification which is the very last fault to be endured in persons of their condition. It may be that very little moral influence is sought to be exercised in their





THE FEDERAL FRIGATE NEW IRONSIDES, ENGAGED IN THE ASSAULT ON CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.



GENERAL Q. A. GILMORE, COMMANDER OF THE FEDERAL FORCES BEFORE CHARLESTON.

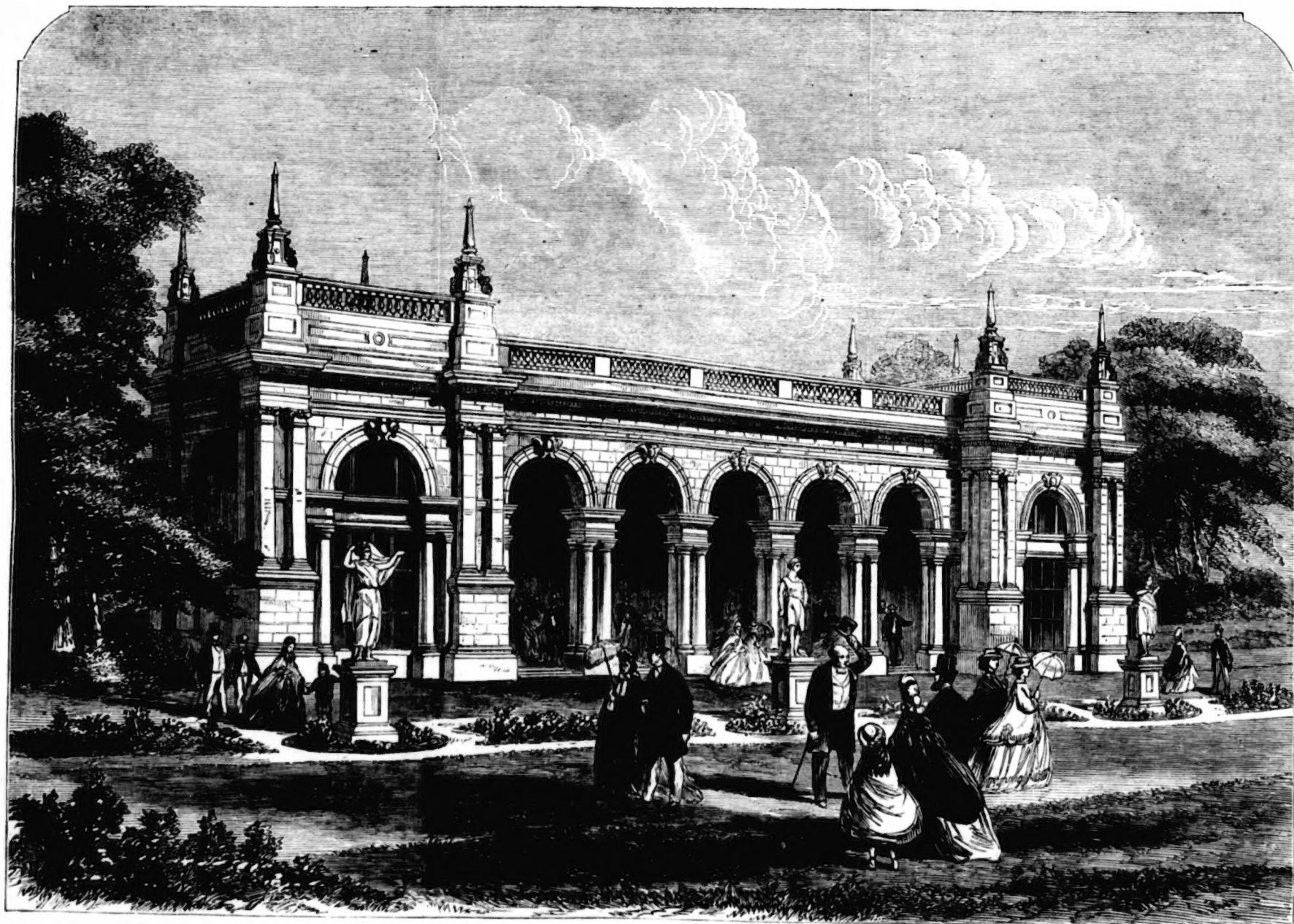
behalf, and that, except in the matter of "followers" (the idea of servants thinking of sweethearts, and actually of marriage!), they may be absolute heathens, dancing a silent "corrobory" in the kitchen, and nobody up stairs be the wiser.

And yet, with all these drawbacks, domestic servitude is, in many cases, the best thing attainable by hundreds of our countrywomen; and she who succeeds in establishing herself in such a kitchen as that represented in our Engraving has attained a great social position. Which amongst those occupations accorded to young women in this country can be compared to it? Good and sufficient food, neat and becoming dress, wholesome sleep, and labour neither severe nor too prolonged, often with cheerful company, and in the anticipation of some coming holiday. Against these there stands only the one word "menial." And yet servants

(good ones, at least) are becoming more and more scarce, while there is a proportionate demand for increased wages. The truth is that this very "independence" is at the bottom of the mischief. You see to what particular column of the *Times* Jeames is directing his attention. He has failed to find a suitable "public-house with a good parlour trade" advertised, and is just now engaged in reading an appeal to intending emigrants. The housekeeper, who pretends to be asleep (for she must maintain her position), is scarcely aware how much interest is stirred by the visions which are conjured up by this paragraph. Should she ever "keep a house of her own" it will be on this side the sea; but Jeames permits himself to think what might be done out there in the "general line," and the non-inheritance of service is insisted on even where there are so many hands to do so little work.

Well, we will hope that the growing scarcity of cooks and housemaids (to say nothing of footmen) may be the result of emigration, and that we may shortly hear of some improvement in the domestic arrangements at the antipodes. Within living memory the Australian colonists were provided with men servants from the convict station; but these became "absorbed," and, as society itself has changed in some of its most important elements, the people of Sydney and Melbourne decline to accept a new supply on the same terms. At all events, the present state of domestic economy gives some promise of equality, and may ensure a satisfactory degree of independence, since service in the New is something better than an inheritance in the Old World.

If the sad experiences of the unhappy family depicted in our Engraving should have reached the kitchens of this country (and



THE PAVILION IN THE BAXTER PARK, DUNDEE. —(G. H. STOKES, ARCHITECT.)



E N G L A N D V E R S U S A U S T R A L I A.



SERVANTS HERE.

there is no longer any doubt that they have), what triumph they must have occasioned to refractory cooks, housemaids, and servants of all work! Fancy "master," who is a barrister of some standing, having to cook the potatoes; "Missis doing about" with a pair of old gloves on and her head tied up in a handkerchief; "that little tuck-up thing of a Hangelina" washing the dishes; and "all in

that muddle, bless yer, that you couldn't lay your hand on anything that was wanted."

The reader may be inclined to imagine that the young lady who makes her appearance with the provisions is a friend or an elder daughter; but I have it on very good authority that she is an occasional helper, who, for a handsome consideration, has agreed to

"assist in the house" until she can "better herself," which she expects to do in a few days by marrying a gold-digger.

This, at all events, is the current version of the story as received by servants here; and they have unanimously come to the conclusion that, if they do go, you won't catch them being servants there.



SERVANTS THERE.—(DRAWN BY FLORENCE CLAXTON.)



## OUR FEUILLETON.

## THE LONG RECKONING.

(Continued from page 171.)

## CHAPTER XII.

John Jarnwith did not go to Paris with his parents. The express arrived, and they set off in the middle of the night, leaving neither note nor message.

The servants only knew that his Lordship and her Ladyship had left in a cab at about three in the morning, and the cabman had orders to drive to some number in Savile-row. His Lordship had said particularly that Mr. Jarnwith was not to be disturbed. That was why he (the valet) did not bring the clothes and hot water till his master pleased to ring.

The fact was, John's parents did not think his presence in Paris desirable. He might become involved in a quarrel with his brother's antagonist. And, besides, there was Lady Julia.

On second thoughts, however, his father wrote him a hurried note from Dover.

That morning, by the eleven o'clock delivery, Lady Matilda received the note which Edmund wrote on the evening of his arrival in Paris.

"Dearest Mother,—I am here safe and well, but in great anxiety for poor Ernest. He has had a serious accident, and is in danger. I have sent an express with particulars to his father."

Lady Matilda was on the point of rushing to Crowbarcock House to ascertain whether the particulars in any way compromised the safety of her own son, when John Jarnwith jumped out of a cab before it could pull up, and met those disquieted ladies on their door-steps.

"What has happened? Oh! what is it?" they cried, in a breath. "I came to ask if you have heard anything from Edmund. I think there must be something wrong in Paris."

"Oh, yes! we know that; but what is the accident?"

"I know nothing, except that my father and mother absconded about three o'clock this morning, leaving no word of any kind, except that I was not to be disturbed, and I only woke half an hour ago. It is very strange they should have left me so totally in the dark."

"Oh! then it is as I feared," cried Lady Matilda; "there is danger, and they want to keep John out of it, and my Edmund is in the midst of it! There has been some dreadful duel. What should an accident mean that he calls only an accident? If he had fallen from his horse, or anything but fighting, he would have said what sort of accident. Oh! my poor, brave, generous Edmund! always ready to run into peril for other people's sakes. There has been some quarrel about those wicked, wicked women! He will take up your unhappy brother's quarrel and get himself killed. Do not tell me. I know what they are; shameless, mischievous, intriguing good-for-nothings, with troops of fire-eating, blood-thirsty libertines dangling at their heels."

"If there is work of that sort going forward, I must go and look after it. There is no reason why Edmund should run any risks to shelter me. Let me see Edmund's letter."

Lady Matilda gave him the fluttering letter, and sat down trembling on a chair in the dining-room, grasping its oaken arms in her hands as if to keep them from quivering.

"It looks rather like it!" he said; "but don't you be in such a pucker, Aunt Matilda. It doesn't follow that there's any further danger to anybody. I shall go to see if I can be of any use. At any rate, I can take Edmund's place and send him back."

"No, John," said Margaret, blushing to offer her opinion, but overcoming her diffidence by the sense of urgency. "No, John; do not go. Mother, speak to him, and tell him you do not approve of his going. You will never forgive yourself if any harm comes to him. Edmund is there already, and he is far less likely to get into trouble. Look here, John, if your father had thought it right that you should be there, he would have told you when he got Edmund's message, and would have taken you with him."

"My father ought to have consulted me. I am not a child. It is my duty to go and judge for myself whether I can do anything for poor Ernest."

Lady Matilda by this time was persuaded that John Jarnwith's presence in Paris would imply no addition of safety to her son, and that two young men together might more probably abet one another in violent measures of reprisal than restrain each other's ardour, and she threw her weight of authority on Margaret's side of the argument.

In the midst of this discussion there was a startling knock and ring. Lord Crowbarcock's note from Dover was brought in. Jarnwith opened it.

"Dearest John,—I had a despatch from Edmund Strensal saying your brother is dangerously wounded in a duel. We are on our way to him, taking Proby with us, that the poor boy may have the best surgical aid. I did not disturb you, having determined that it was better you should not go with us. I write this (while steam is being got up in a special packet-boat) principally to let you know distinctly and directly that I do not wish you to follow us. And I entreat you, with all earnestness, to abide by this decision, whatever you may think or feel on the subject. You will greatly lighten your poor mother's load of distress and anxiety by remaining where you are. With love from both of us, believe me your affectionate father,"

"O."

When he had read it, he found that Margaret was at his elbow. She took the paper out of his hands, as if she were acting by authority; and bending down, with her arm round her mother's neck, they read it together.

The letter arrived in the nick of time; but how in the world did it get there? John had some wonder of this sort; and, looking out into the passage, saw his valet standing on one leg in an attitude of respectful confidence with the dignified butler, whose solemn countenance bore traces of grave excitement, no doubt caused by the communication of so strange a phenomenon as the Earl and Countess having disappeared in a four-wheel cab at three in the morning.

"Charles!"

"Yessir!"

"How did this note come?"

"A railway stoker brought it just after you left, Sir, and said he was to have a sovereign, if delivered before twelve, which it was about a quarter past eleven; and the butler, judging it might be important, told me I'd best step here with it."

Jarnwith had gone out on foot and found his "hansom" en route, and he was very near asking how the deuce he knew where to take it on to. But he only inquired where the stoker was, and, being informed that the man was having a glass of ale and a bite of something, he forwarded the sovereign and went back into the dining-room.

Lord Gavelock's parents reached Paris before his actual death, but not before delirious ravings and physical agonies had reduced body and mind to a condition of lethargic apathy in which life was gradually ebbing away.

The eminent surgeon they brought with them could only give them faint hopes even of a few moments of consciousness before death.

The nearest approach to consciousness extended only to a few whispered words, broken between the short gaspings of the death rattle. But the desolate mother, bowed down over the pillow of her dying son, recognised in that broken whisper the words of a prayer she had taught her boy in his childhood. "Be merciful unto us, O Lord, and bless us! Bless my father and mother, and my brother; and may we all meet hereafter at Thy mercy seat."

She remembered the last time she had heard him say that prayer; and in the clear light of a mother's memory she saw a pretty little, glossy-cheeked, silken-curl'd cherub, with tender little hands clasped piously, kneeling at her feet, and looking up with wide, serious eyes. Oh, how bright and beautiful those eyes were in their un-

clouded innocence, in their dawning faith! Oh, how fresh and sweet were the infant lips that murmured those simple words! The lips were parched and black now—the eyes were glazed and dim. Who knows whether some indistinct hint of his mother's nearness in that last hour may not have vaguely won its entrance through the opaque obstruction of the senses, and conveyed to the parting spirit a ray of suggestion lighting up this vestige of the happy and sinless past! Sounds half heard in sleep, which they fail to break, are accepted into the dream, and influence the dream's direction. But, to the mother's aching heart those old familiar words distilled a drop of hopeful comfort that touched the dry, hard burden of her desperate affliction with a softening influence; the scorching drought of tearless agony melted in her overflowing eyes. And she thanked Heaven in the outpouring of her loosened woe that her poor, misguided boy at least had not died without remembering his home and his God.

Lord Crowbarcock was a stern and rather stoical philosopher, who gave way to his feelings as little as possible. He had a vigorous belief in right and wrong, and held that faith was not worth much unless it was lively enough to influence men's actions. He entertained disciplinary views on education, and had acted according to his belief. Here was the result of his first experiment in human training. His feelings as a father, which were much stronger than he gave himself credit for, were added to the bitterness of his misgivings.

"God forgive me if I have been too harsh with this poor boy!" he said inwardly, as he pressed one of the cold, helpless hands, in which the pulses had almost ceased to stir. He felt a deadly pressure on his heart and a choking in his throat. But, being a stoic, his only outward manifestations were to take a deep breath and to blow his nose.

## CHAPTER XIII.

The leaden lid had not been soldered down over the defunct Earl of Tintagel before a brand new Earl appeared to take up his hereditary honours. This unexpected claimant could not be said to enter into possession of his wealth and titles with the quiet dignity becoming so elevated a position in the world. Nor did he appear to derive any satisfaction from his accession to greatness.

On the contrary, he expressed his disapproval of the condition in which he found his predecessor's establishment by a series of querulous expostulations; and, indeed, for a babe born some days within seven months of his parent's marriage, he exhibited unusual vigour of lungs and vital energy.

He would have fared badly in the total deficit of preparation for his premature advent if Dr. Illingworth had not proved greatly more helpful in this emergency than in the cases of battle and sudden death which so recently baffled his scientific resources.

He waved his wand, and behold! a motherly cosmopolitan priestess of Lucina, unrolling bales of baby linen, M<sup>me</sup>. La Pine, née Hutchins, had begun life as nursery-maid to Lady Coneybear, and remained in her rapidly-increasing family till she became head of her department. Sir Peregrine Fitzwarren Coneybear's fiscal straits and expanding domestic liabilities caused him to pass many years abroad. Martha Hutchins slowly became habituated to "foreign parts," spoke French of a bold, useful, ungrammatical sort, with a strong flavour of her county dialect; and, after many scruples and long delay, overcame her objection to "them foreigners" at the urgent instance of Jerome La Pine, sometime Sir Peregrine's valet, and now a courier.

"Likely to live? Bless his little heart! what's to kill him?" exclaimed Mrs. La Pine, ready to repulse all doubts that could be thrown on the fate of her charge, as if any such possibility were an aspersion on her skill, and a want of faith in the influence of her good star. For the stout woman believed in herself and her good luck as much as Caesar. She considered the infant she carried as safe as that eminent Roman held the vessel which carried him, and which his destiny insured against the blasts of *Auster*, "turbid leader of the unquiet Adriatic."

To her the last new infant was a central point round which the moving universe revolved. For a month at least it blazed with a splendour of importance that almost for the time eclipsed the constellation of the Coneybears, who were fixed stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of her affections.

"Likely to live! indeed! I should think you was, you sweet young nobleman! Was it hurt in its feelings, then, my precious? Did it almost break its little heart? It should have its nice breakfast soon to comfort it—it should." And then, swaying majestically to and fro what seemed but a moderate elbowful of crumpled flannel, with something like a Maltese orange peeping through a narrow fold of it, she issued her orders for the young Earl's first repast.

"Seevor play, Eugénie, le bottle pour donny le dejany pour baby. Traw quars eau un quart lait et un petty colliery de suker. Arrety, pas comme ça, vous casery le bottle si vous metty premier l'eau show du bulwer. Metty premier le petty colliery de suker dong le tasse. At present meury taw gross colliery de l'eau show du bulwer fair fonder le suker; at present taw gross colliery de lait; at present dou gross colliery de l'eau taw. At present donny maw gooty, cest trop taw, encore un gross colliery de l'eau show du bulwer. Say bang. Metty tout dong le bottle, colliery par colliery. Mercy, Eugénie!"

Then she took the bottle, applied its leather nipple to her own lips, and, finding its taste and temperature suitable, transferred it to one of the principal irregularities in the crinkled rind of the Maltese orange, which almost instantly ceased to emit lamentation, and began to imbibe aliment.

Eugénie seemed to have no difficulty in understanding Mrs. La Pine's French, which was perfectly fluent and unembarrassed. All the words which had any resemblance to English were pronounced as English. "At present," "mercy," "bottle," &c., suffered no change. The name of the popular novelist did duty for *bouillotte*, and colliery for *cullerie*. She hampered herself with no attempt to overcome her native accent nor to attain to any closer approximation to the sound of French words than came perfectly easy to her; and her system answered much better than the elaborate halting and boggling with which more educated speakers of bad French distress themselves and their hearers in a perpetually ineffectual effort to pronounce their dislocated words a shade more correctly than they conveniently can.

"He seems to take kindly to his bottle," said Lady Julia, contemplating her brother with an eye that was intended to be benevolent. "You think well of him for a seven months' child? I was afraid they were always very difficult to rear."

"Never fear; we'll rear him fast enough, my Lady. He'll want a little extra care at first, and he'll have it. We've got a nice wet-nurse coming for him, and he'll grow up to be as fine a lord as any in the land. He'll thrive hard enough, I'll answer him. You should 'a seen him in his bath when he was being washed; he kicked out for all the world like a young frog. He's as full of life as a new-hatched game chicken, with a fine straight back and beautiful little legs. He looked every inch of him a lord, I'll assure you, my Lady."

The nurse, as she announced these cheering facts, looked in vain for genuine signs of sisterly pride or satisfaction, and was confirmed in her first impulse of antipathy.

"You won't find much nat'l feeling for you in that noble sister of yours, my precious little Lord," was the observation which she addressed in a series of silent but significant nods to the infant brother, who was still too much occupied with his bottle to be much affected.

"Nurse, bring the baby to her Ladyship." The words came through the open doorway in the doctor's most audible sick-room voice, and soon after the doctor himself came softly out of the further apartment, and took Lady Julia's hand, shaking his head and smiling simultaneously with a melancholy cheerfulness and an embarrassed cordiality.

"How is she?" asked Lady Julia.

"Better than might be anticipated, under the sad circumstances. Let me congratulate your Ladyship on the acquisition of a brother, and on everything as yet having gone so favourably." Then, dropping his voice into a lower key, he added, "With regard to her mental condition—perhaps we had better not discuss it here; her sense of hearing seems preternaturally sharpened"—opening the

door and leading Lady Julia away along the corridor. "The poor dear lady is in a most delicately nervous and sensitive condition. We could hardly expect it to be otherwise. It is not uncommon in cases where childbirth is brought on prematurely by distress of mind for the patient to suffer the strangest delusions. Most frequently the delusion will take some form diametrically opposed to the sufferer's normal frame of mind. Tender and loving wives will be seized with a horrible loathing of beloved and affectionate husbands. I only tell you this that you may not be distressed more than it deserves, as a symptom of nervous disturbance, by the morbid alarm and suspicious terror of all the inmates of her household, including even yourself, which has taken possession of the poor lady's tortured imagination. When she overheard your Ladyship's voice speaking to the nurse in the ante-room she was seized with a shuddering fit, beckoned me to stoop down, and whispered in my ear the wildest ravings of an infatuated dread. I am almost afraid to tell you; but the burden of her frenzied apprehension was that her child must be rescued from you; that you were bent on its destruction. I need not tell you that it is impossible to argue with phantoms of this kind. They must be humoured while they remain. Do not let this distress you. I would not have told you were it not necessary to give you a reason (and the truth, however painful, is safest and best in the end) why it is necessary that you should abstain for the present from going near the mother or the babe. With the physical condition which induces it, this species of monomania vanishes and leaves no trace. She will either totally forget it or remember it only as an unaccountable freak of nightmare."

"It is too, too shocking. Oh! I wish some one would take me away from this. I shall go mad!" cried Julia, clasping her forehead in her hands.

"Calm yourself, dear lady. It is indeed most unfortunate. Your presence might otherwise have been such a support and consolation; and in ministering to others you would have found the most healing balm for the wounds of your own affliction. Alas! it is not in man's province. We must trust that all is ordered for the best. I do hope and trust her Ladyship's mother will arrive this afternoon as Lord Mascot expected. It is a most anxious responsibility."

"Is her life in danger, then? Good Heavens! what will become of that poor newborn thing if she dies! Is it likely she will die?" said Julia, raising her head from her hands with a sudden movement and a sharp utterance, which startled the doctor and conveyed to his mind no great impression of Julia's tender solicitude for her stepmother.

"Likely! No. Let us trust that likelihood is all on the side of hope. Still her constitution, originally not very robust, I fear, has received a most violent wrench, complicated by intense and most inopportune strain on the nervous system. The happy calm which should ensue after the agonies of maternity is in this case defeated by the reflex—the recoil, I should say—of previous mental shocks. Nature has hardly fair play under such conditions. The immediate danger is from—hem—hem—I will not trouble you with the medical details. I have succeeded for the time in arresting the—hem—hem. But I must not stay. Dear me, I have been nearly ten minutes, it is time to renew the applications. Excuse me." And he bustled away.

"If she only dies before her wicked old mother comes to her," muttered Julia through her clinched teeth, with her elbow on the chimney-piece, and her jaw resting on her hand. "If Gaston has only—hem—hem—hem! What a diabolical expression!" She smothered her features into a smile, after this parenthetical reflection, and watched herself as she went on to think how long it was since the Count had taken fire in her cause, and how strange it was his avenging wrath should have been so long in exploding.

"If he has only made an end of—hem—hem!" The fiendlike expression somehow would insinuate itself into the amiable smile she was preserving.

"I am losing my nerve. These fierce emotions are wearing out my self-command—stripping the enamel from my mask! Gaston surely has by this time"—

A servant entered, and said that un Monsieur had called; he wished not to trouble miladi unless she desired to say to him a few words. The servant spoke at a distance, and brought a card after he had spoken.

"Was it the Count come to tell her of a new victory?" She took the card, on which was printed in copper-plate, "Mr. Strensal."

"Let him enter," said Lady Julia, after a moment's reflection.

(To be continued.)

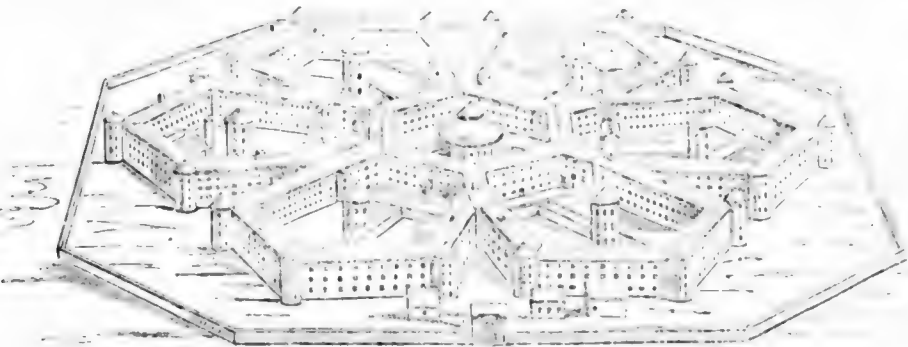
**A CONFEDERATE CRUISER IN THE PACIFIC.**—According to accounts received from the China Seas, a new Confederate cruiser had made its appearance in those waters. The vessel referred to is the *John Rose*, formerly of Mailer and Lord's Baltimore line, but now sailing under the name of the *Ambridge*, and bearing English colours. She is commanded by Captain Key, of Baltimore, who is said to have received his commission at Richmond. She is a large schooner and a very rapid sailer, and has been fitted out in New York.

**ELECTION OF LORD MAYOR.**—The citizens of London have been cited to attend at the Guildhall on the 29th inst. for the purpose of proceeding to the election of a Lord Mayor for the year 1863-4, in succession to Mr. William Anderson Rose, whose term of office will expire on the 8th of November. The following gentlemen "below the chair" will be put in nomination:—Mr. William Lawrence, Alderman of Broad-street Ward, elected 1855; Mr. Warren Stormes Hale, Coleman-street, 1856; Mr. Benjamin Samuel Phillips, Farringdon Within, 1857; Mr. Thomas Gabriel, Vintry, 1857; Mr. John Joseph Mechi, Lime-street, 1858; Mr. Edward Conder, Bassishaw, 1859; Mr. James Abbes, Bridge Within, 1859; Mr. James Clarke Lawrence, Walbrook, 1860. The Livory will, no doubt, return Mr. William Lawrence and Mr. W. S. Hale, upon which the Court of Aldermen will select Mr. Lawrence as the Lord Mayor for the ensuing year. He carries on the business of a builder in Lambeth.

**THE PROPOSED IRON FRIGATE BELLEROPHON.**—The drawings and plans for Mr. Reed's new iron frigate *Bellerophon*, proposed to be constructed at Chatham, have been prepared by the draughtsmen at that dockyard from the designs sent down from the office of the Chief Constructor at Whitehall, in readiness for the immediate commencement of that vessel on the completion of the *Achilles*, which occupies the same dock at Chatham as that in which the new iron frigate is intended to be built. In the construction of the *Bellerophon* several important improvements will be introduced by Mr. Reed, the result of the experience acquired during the progress of the *Achilles*, *Research*, and other iron ships of war now building. The thickness it is proposed to make the sides of the *Bellerophon* has not yet been determined, the Admiralty awaiting the result of some experiments which are to be made upon a target constructed by the Millwall Ironworks Company before this is finally decided upon. The target which is now under construction is formed of 10-in. iron frames, about 2 ft. apart, covered first with iron nearly 2 in. thick, then with teak 12 in. in thickness, and, finally, with 6-in. armour plating. The utmost confidence is entertained that this construction of sides will exceed in shot-resisting strength every other system hitherto actually adopted in any ship yet built; and, should the proposed arrangement be found to succeed on the occasion of the trial, the *Bellerophon* will be built after the same model, and covered in exactly the same manner from stem to stern. The Admiralty have determined to fit the *Bellerophon* with engines of the most powerful description, in order that she may steam at least fourteen knots per hour, and this, coupled with her enormous strength and her shot-resisting power, will render her by far the most formidable of the iron vessels yet constructed.

**IMPROVEMENTS IN ARTILLERY.**—A course of experiments is now in progress in the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, which promises important results. A 32-pound cast-iron service gun, strengthened on Captain Palliser's plan, has been tested by firing a double-proof service charge of 56 lb. of powder and a cylinder gradually increased in size. The gun fired upwards of 100 rounds without manifesting the slightest signs of giving way, and burst at the 107th round. The result is considered exceedingly favourable, and has been reported accordingly to the War Department. A number of cast-iron service guns have been consequently placed at Captain Palliser's disposal, to be bored and altered in accordance with his principle, and to be similarly tested at the Arsenal proof butt at Woolwich. Captain Palliser has for many years applied himself to the study of cast-iron ordnance. His plan consists in removing a portion of the existing metal from the interior of the gun and inserting a combination of steel and iron tubes in such a manner as to relieve the outer cast-iron case from all strain, whereby the gun acquires all the advantages of the present wrought-iron ordnance. Captain Palliser maintains the principle that steel and wrought-iron tubes of limited thickness can be so inserted into cast-iron skins or outer portions of the existing service guns as to relieve the structure from all strain, and that only a small portion of the gun is required to resist explosion, the remaining portion being useful merely to prevent recoil. Several guns are being prepared on Captain Palliser's plan; and, should the issue of further experiments be such as to establish more fully the correctness of his theory, the cast-iron guns now in store in vast numbers may be utilised with economy and advantage.





BIRDSEYE VIEW OF MILLBANK PRISON.

## PENAL SERVITUDE.

DURING the autumn of last year the public attention was very seriously called to the question of the punishment of the worst sort of criminals, and the inquiry which resulted received an increased stimulus from the number of robberies with violence which were committed during the winter, and caused a panic amongst the more timid of the London population. It was asserted, and with some show of reason, that the punishment of the convict was so restricted by a false sensibility that it failed to have the effect of deterring him from crime; that, in many cases, the hardened ruffian was better and more tenderly cared for than the honest mechanic who became a pauper, or than the disabled soldier or sailor.

At length a commission was appointed to inquire into the whole question of secondary punishments and to revise its conditions. The report which this commission has made, although sufficiently elaborate, has satisfied nobody, since it appears to leave untouched the real questions at issue, and finds a universal remedy for the evils complained of in a return to the system of transportation to Western Australia, where, in the finest climate in the world, the not too heavily worked convict may be "absorbed." This conclusion has provoked serious opposition amongst the colonists themselves, and has scarcely served to allay the irritation which has been expressed here against the present system. Meanwhile hundreds of persons who take a very legitimate interest in the discussion have but a very indefinite idea of the penal discipline to which the criminal is subject. With the view of making our readers acquainted with the particulars of the system, we believe it will be useful to publish the account of a visit made to Millbank and Pentonville prisons, and to the convict station at Portland, these three establishments comprising the course of what is usually known as "penal servitude."

"The Jury have found you both guilty, and you are each sentenced to seven years' penal servitude."

There has been a temporary hush in the loud whispering of barristers, in the swinging and rattling of doors, in the sharp shuffling of clump-soled feet upon the matting, as messengers and policemen pass in and out. The hot, close air of that hall of justice—the Criminal Court, in the Old Bailey—has been humming (in unaccustomed ears) as though the dance of death had been set to the bagpipes, with rather too much of the drone.

Now, however, the Judge settles himself afresh; the jury shift into the position which they had occupied before the front row turned solemnly round to consult upon the verdict with the back row; the barristers employed on the next trial open their papers, arrange gowns and bands, and lean over to speak to their attorneys; and that strange public which daily hangs about the law courts during the Sessions nibbles another corner of dingy biscuit and prepares itself to listen to another case.

The two ruffians who just now occupied the dock have looked stolidly and blankly before them during the whole proceedings. Once, indeed, the dark-haired one, whose brows shelve over his eyes like a penthouse roof, suddenly contradicted a witness and so provoked a contemptuous laugh from his companion. That companion's face has already caught the prison complexion, and looks, with its flat, heavy features and stoney immobility, not unlike one of those faces, executed in bad stucco, which may be noticed over certain old-fashioned street doors.

It would be difficult to detect in it any sentiment of fear or remorse, any appeal against the sentence, any definite appearance of denial or pretence of virtuous assertion; very little expression is to be discovered in either face except that of stolid indifference and defiance until they are removed from the dock; and then, as they pass down the steps leading from the court, their features relax into a meaning smile, as who should say, "We know what this sort of thing is. Let society look out for itself when we have another chance."

They probably know enough about it to have learnt the slang name for that walled stone alley roofed in with iron lattice-work which leads from the Criminal Court to Newgate Gaol. It is pretty generally known amongst older ruffians as "Birdcage-walk," and a terrible walk it is. Some of the gaolbirds who pass over its stones on their way to the condemned-cells go back to it after death, for this is that "precinct of the gaol" which receives the bodies of those who are hanged outside that grim, black gate in the prison-wall. Each of these uneven flagstones covers a murderer's coffin; above it the initial of the murderer's name may be seen rudely carved in the brickwork of the wall. The first step of the convicted criminal lies terribly near the last. There are dread sermons in the stones of that awful causeway; but it is known as "Birdcage-walk."

From the moment of their conviction the prison life of the brace of felons whom we have seen in the dock wears a somewhat different aspect. The steps which have led them to Birdcage-walk began in a street robbery which, being resisted, was accompanied with brutal violence and the serious maiming of a policeman. After a night in the cell of a police station—which cell, by-the-way, was the cleanest and best-ventilated portion of the entire building—they were taken before a magistrate, who committed them for trial. Awaiting their sentence, they have for a few days occupied that anomalous position in Newgate prison which the law accords to the British subject who is popularly "supposed to be innocent until he is found guilty."

Hitherto they have been permitted to see their friends through the iron bars and wire lattice which divide one of the prison passages; might, if they had pleased, have consulted their solicitor in that glass room which looks like an unwholesome greenhouse, in which no leaf will flourish, and could, if they had possessed the money, have obtained some addition to the prison fare. They have had opportunities for communicating with each other, and have been exempt from the regulation oakum-picking of the gaol. The clothes in which they appeared at the Sessions-house are their own; but upon their first consignment to Newgate these clothes were subjected to a steam bath and so purified, while their wearers also underwent a cleansing process which is often in itself a punishment. Immediately after their return as convicted felons they exchange these corduroy and fustian garments for the coarse prison suit of greyish brown cloth, and, being further transformed by shaven faces and closely cropped hair, have at first sight lost such individuality as they possessed and attained a general resemblance to other prisoners, some of whom have been denuded of flowing locks and curled whiskers, and so reduced to the ordinary convict level, by which their features are left to the bare, blank exposure which reveals all their good or evil points to the penetration of the physiognomist.

The old wards of Newgate rarely receive prisoners now, and, even in exceptional cases, only such as are remanded or await their trial. The association rooms, once the scene of riot and debauchery, are now empty. Some of them, such as the smuggler's ward, have been dismantled long ago; and the gold pipes, tobacco pipes, and curiosities discovered where they had been concealed behind skirting-boards and

in holes about the chimneys, have been entirely cleared away. About the new portion of the prison, where the present cells are constructed on the model principle, and open on to clean iron galleries lighted from the roof, there are few romantic associations; the bare walls, the neatly-picked bedding, the polished cups and spoons and copper basin are hopelessly blank and real. Newgate is only a prison of detention, but during their two or three weeks further stay our two ruffians will find the life monotonous. Chapel, and exercise in the blank stone yards are their principal changes from oakum-picking.

Only one of them can read well, and he cares little for reading except as a means of ingratiating himself with schoolmaster or chaplain. He of the beetling brows, who cannot spell, sleeps his spare time away until he speaks in chapel and becomes refractory, for which he is consigned to bread and water and the dark cell until the Governor is convinced of his temporary penitence. It has so happened that neither of the prisoners has seen the other except for half a minute a day and at some distance until the order comes for their removal.

As we may have more to say of "the gaol of Newgate" on a future occasion, and it is little more than a halting-place on the way to penal servitude, the term of punishment of our convicts may be said virtually to commence at

## MILLBANK PRISON.

Once passing the new Westminster Bridge, with its fine roadway, broad footpath, and low balustrade, turning past Westminster Hall, and the spacious area where Richard Cœur de Lion waves defiance to the world on behalf of the British Constitution, and the Houses of Parliament on the left, leaving the venerable Abbey on the right, we come suddenly upon narrow and dingy streets, the principal of which continues along the river-bank and leads at last to Horseferry-road, whence the black iron bridge of Vauxhall spans the dirty stream, and part of Lambeth Palace and the Bishop's-walk are visible on the opposite side.

Coming upon this locality on a somewhat murky day, the prospect is inconceivably gloomy, and the air which overhangs the river seems charged with smoke of many qualities which imparts a greyish-yellow look to everything that is seen through its medium. On the Lambeth side the old archiepiscopal building, although strangely various in style, has about it something quaint and stately; but here, standing at Millbank, the enormous mass of brickwork to which the first attention is directed is low, dark, beetling, and full of depressing influences from its regular irregularity. The exterior entrance is far from imposing, since, as it consists of a lodge door and a great pair of yard gates, supplied with a very obvious and noisy bell, it is forcibly suggestive of a distillery combined with an extensive horse depository. The building itself as seen from the roadway, not towering, but budding, above the outer wall, has been aptly described in "The Criminal Prisons of London," as "one of the most successful realisations, on a large scale, of the ugly in architecture, being an ungainly combination of the madhouse with the fortress style of building." It may be considered, however, that this immense structure is sufficiently elegant for its purpose, and that even the small embrasures containing the long lines of barred windows are quite suggestive of the use for which it was designed; for this is Millbank Prison, and the black, shiny police-van which has but just left the yard has deposited our two ruffians in the establishment where criminals of their class commence their experience of penal servitude.

Millbank Prison may be said to be a general convict dépôt, from which the criminals are drafted to the public works or to other Government jails. It is therefore the largest prison in England, and the building, which was commenced in 1812 upon land purchased from the Marquis of Salisbury in 1799 for £12,000 is a modification of Jeremy Bentham's proposed "panopticon," or inspection-house, which he declared might be so constructed as to submit every prisoner to constant surveillance from a common centre. This will serve to explain the peculiarity of the ground-plan, which represents a sort of geometrical puzzle, consisting of six pentagons radiating from a large hexagon, the centre of which is occupied by the chapel. Each of the pentagons consists of three floors, which are divided into wards and contain the cells and "association rooms," where the prisoners are confined. The pentagons are divided between the male and female convicts, of each of whom there are above 500, sentenced for various offences and to different terms of imprisonment and penal servitude. They come to Millbank from all the prisons of detention, from the county gaols; in cases of military or naval offenders, from barracks or ships, where they are sentenced by court-martial, and occasionally from the Government settlements of Portsmouth, Dartmoor, and Portland, whence they are returned to confinement for violence or dangerous misconduct. There is no classification with respect to the prisoners, and their punishment is all of a similar character until they are each drafted off to the various prisons to which the nature of their crime consigns them; so that while most of the inmates of Millbank are ultimately removed to the various metropolitan or suburban establishments, our two ruffians will in the course of their term of punishment be ordered to Pentonville Prison to undergo probationary separate confinement; and, finally (as they are strong and able-bodied), to carry out their sentence at the Government works at Portland. If the ground-plan of the building at Millbank is a geometrical puzzle, the interior is assuredly an eccentric maze. Long, dark, and narrow corridors, and twisting passages, in which the visitor unaccustomed to the dubious twilight has to feel his way; double-locked doors opening at all sorts of queer angles, and leading sometimes into blind entries, and frequently to the stone staircases which, like the passages, seem as though they had been cut out of the solid brickwork, and that the few windows could only be put in when the excavation reached the surface. These staircases, so steep and narrow, are not unlike the devious steps by which the traveller reaches the towers of Strasbourg and some other cathedrals, except that they are even more gloomy. Two impressions are produced on the visitor as he cautiously follows the officer who conducts him through these winding entrances to the different wards: the impossibility of a prisoner's ready escape from such a maze, even should he contrive to quit his cell, or make a sudden "bolt" when going to or from exercise or chapel; and the almost equal difficulty of finding that prisoner if he chose to run the chance of hiding himself in the dark nooks or "doubling" in the zigzag corridors. This idea, however, is checked by the facility with which the officer himself unlocks door after door, and, by a strangely-winding and irregular course, which seems almost subterranean, makes the circuit of the entire building.

It is probably this peculiar construction, as well as the sense of confinement produced by dark and narrow passages, which causes an apparent want of ventilation. The whole place has a prison atmosphere, and the want of free circulation and the consequent variation of temperature is sometimes so obvious as to suggest a tepid swimming-bath, in which the supply of hot and cold water has not been properly mixed for immediate use.

The wards are passages some 50ft. long and about 10ft. high, one side of each of them being occupied by the cells, and the other side by the windows, which are at some height from the ground, and, although the walls are roughly whitened, seem to give that uncertain light, which may be accounted for by their deep-setting in the outer wall. In these wards the temperature is still unequal and the ventilation imperfect, since in most of them, during the cold weather, the presence of the flues of the heating apparatus is very distinct at certain points; and, as perhaps the most usual employment of the prisoners is that of tailoring, there are frequently two large closed stoves in each passage, for the purpose of heating the "goose" required for their work.

The labour of the convicts at Millbank is sufficient to constitute a very considerable manufactory, since in the various cells there are weavers at their looms making hammocks and bagging, beside the calico shirtings, the gingham handkerchiefs, and the linsey petticoats worn at the various penal establishments; shoemakers, who produce not only the boots and shoes for the prisoner and the officers of this and other prisons, but some work which finds a market outside the gaol; mat and rug makers who use hemp and cocoanut fibre, and produce great numbers of door mats for whole-sale dealers in the City, and, as we have just stated, a little army of tailors. On the women's side there are seamstresses to make shirts and women's clothes of the prisons, to knit woollen stockings for Portland and the other Government stations, and to make brushes and brooms for the use of the gaol. Many of these are also employed in "shopwork" and common needlework for the outfitters and wholesale tailors and hosiers, an employment which almost too forcibly suggests "The Song of a Shirt" and the starving needlewoman's longing even for "the prison fare," which is so much better than that which she can procure by unremitting and miserable toil.

Each cell is lighted by a window, and has a mechanical means of ventilation; and in each there is a gaslight adjusted, according to the work on which the prisoner is employed; those of the tailors and shoemakers being only two feet from the ground, while those where looms are erected are so contrived as to move on a jointed arm and come over the part where most light is required. The furniture of the cells consists of a tub for washing (which, being fitted with a wooden cover, is also used as a stool), a large earthenware pan, and a small deal table-flap, upon which may be seen, beside the tin pint mugs for cocoa and gruel, the salted plate, and wooden spoon; the Bible and Prayer-book, some school books, a slate and pencil, and probably some volume which each prisoner is allowed to receive once a fortnight from the prison library. The bedding and hammock are neatly folded into a square package which looks like a large knapsack, and is placed in a particular corner of the cell; a comb and towel, and a broom for sweeping the floor complete the list, with the exception of a flat wooden wand, the use of which will be presently explained. Some of the upper cells are provided with iron bedsteads instead of hammocks, but these are exceptional. On the wall is hung a paper containing the printed regulations of the prison with regard to conduct, to the circumstances under which improved conditions and partial remission of sentence may be granted, and to the daily rations of food. In that part of the wall next the cell-door is an opening which, within the cell itself, commences with a square niche in the solid wall, the sides of which niche diminish till they form only a perpendicular slit which pierces the wall, so that a view of the cell can be gained from the outside, while the prisoner can see very little. Through this slit the thin wand of painted wood just mentioned, and which is red at one end and black at the other, is pushed by the prisoner in order to call the attention of the warder when required. Each cell has two doors, the inner one of timber, the outer one composed of a stout and heavy iron grating. After two months' imprisonment, unless in the case of the prisoner's misconduct, the inner wooden door is left open from nine in the morning till five in the afternoon, so that the cells are moderately light and cheerful, and the visitors may, in passing, see their inmates at work. Some of them look up and shift uneasily as they notice a stranger with the warder; others go steadily on with their occupation, as though they had no regard for anything outside the grated door which divides them from the ward.

Beside the separate cells there are "association wards," where, as their name implies, a number of prisoners work and live together. In each of these there is one or more masters of the trades carried on there; and, although the men work together, they are strictly prohibited from holding any communication with each other, and are under constant surveillance all day, while it is the duty of the warders to make their rounds every twenty minutes during the night. One of these rooms contains sixteen inmates, who work together, and at night sleep in hammocks, which are then slung from wall to wall, but during the day occupy shelves opposite each man's seat, and being rolled up, look like small casks in a spirit store.

The association-room devoted to tailoring contains the largest number of prisoners; that in which weaving is carried on of course requires more space for the erection of the looms.

Although the "silent system" is "strictly enforced," it is impossible to prevent communication between the prisoners. In the chapel, the school-room, the association-rooms, and even in the exercise-yards there must be opportunities for both signalling and speaking to each other. All that can be said is that it is not allowed, and that when a prisoner is detected in a breach of this rule it leads to punishment; either to a renewal of separate confinement, or if he is refractory to the dark cell and bread and water diet. Of other punishments at Millbank, handcuffs and even whipping have not been entirely abolished, and it is not wise to retain them, since they are both found useful in cases of exceptional violence and brutality.

Some of the association cells of which we have spoken are devoted to carpenters and coopers, who are employed in the workshops, and masons, or men who are employed in the outdoor work of the prison. Many of those employed in this way wear a rough blue dress instead of the regulation colour, which is rusty brown barred with a violet stripe. The outdoor and association work is, of course, less monotonous than that of the separate cells, and is a reward for good conduct. Men who have conducted themselves well at Millbank also receive a badge which distinguishes them for privileges during the remaining term of their sentences, unless they commit any act which causes their good-conduct mark to be taken away.

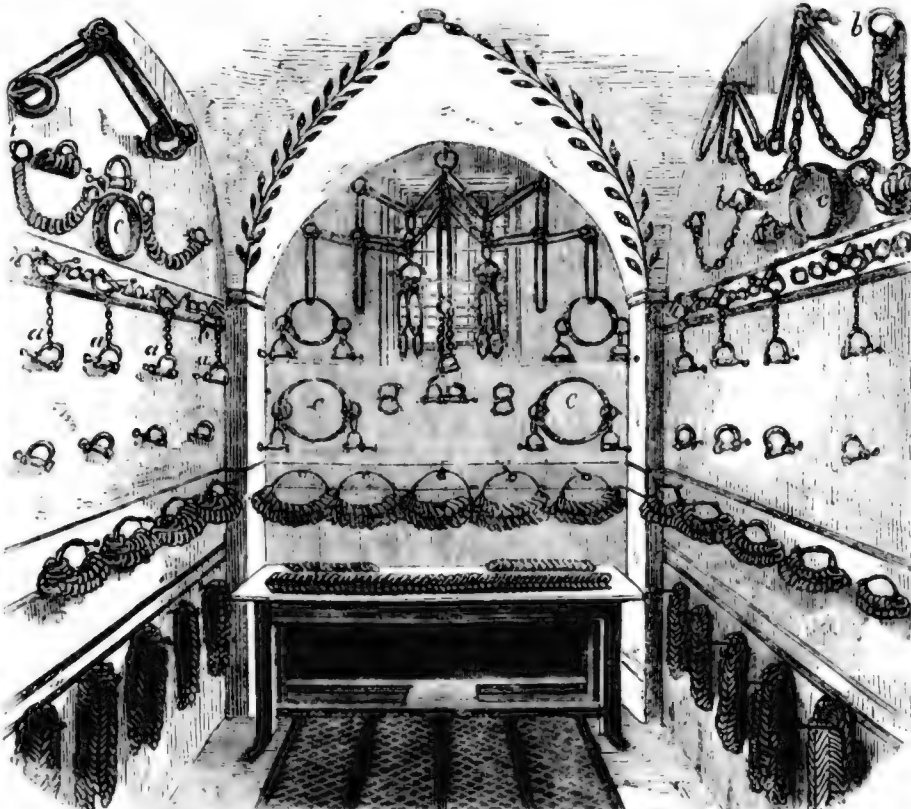
The day's work of the prisoners commences at six o'clock in the morning by sweeping and cleaning the cells and wards, and on certain days stoning the corridors and sweeping the exercise-yards. This lasts till about half-past seven, or breakfast-time; after which the prisoners attend chapel for half an hour. Dinner is served at one o'clock and supper at about half-past five, each meal occupying half an hour; and during the day exercise and instruction are so arranged that each man obtains an hour's walking or pumping in the exercise-yard and a sufficient time at school to represent one day a week. It may well be supposed that in an establishment containing such a large number of prisoners everything has to be conducted with military precision, and the services of the convicts themselves are, as far as possible, utilised in carrying out the general arrangements; in this way, when the men in separate confinement return from exercise, each one takes up his position at the door of his cell at the word of command they all enter their cells except one man who bolts the doors of the rest (and does it with an unnatural alacrity), himself retiring last, to be bolted in by the officer in charge.

The kitchens, where the principal cooks are assisted by some of the prisoners (most frequently soldiers who are under sentence), are, like the rest of the building, deficient in light, and have, of course, a somewhat bare appearance, since very little apparatus is necessary for preparing the food, which, however, is well cooked and excellent in quality. A long room, obscured by the steam from the coppers and boilers and smelling a little faintly with the odours of boiled fresh beef which the cook's assistants are now weighing at the long deal tables and depositing in covered tin cans, each of which is divided by a partition for separating the meat, soup, and vegetables; a number of long wooden trays or troughs, with handles running along the tops (a little like those trays in which pots of beer are carried from public-houses) and designed to hold the cans: these form almost the entire furniture of the kitchens. The dinners are served with great rapidity, some of the prisoners being especially appointed to carry the rations to the various wards, where they are distributed by the officers,





MILLBANK PRISON.—PRISONER AT WORK IN SEPARATE CELL.



CHAIN-ROOM.



PRISONER IN REFRACTORY CELL, THE OIL DOOR BEING SUPPOSED TO BE THROWN BACK.

The dietary of the prison is as follows: Breakfast,  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a pint of cocoa, made from  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of cocoa-nibs, sweetened with  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of molasses, and containing 2 oz. of milk; 8 oz. of bread. Dinner—5 oz. of beef, without bone, and weighed after boiling; 1 lb. of potatoes (or occasionally  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of potatoes and  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of parsnips, &c.),  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of meat-liquor, 6 oz. of bread. Supper—1 pint of gruel, made with 2 oz. of oatmeal or flour, sweetened with  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of molasses; 8 oz. of bread.

The large consumption of bread necessitates a number of bakers, who are organised in the same way as the cooks, under the superintendence of a master baker. This must certainly be one of the most pleasant of all the employments at Millbank, since the bakery is clean, light, and even airy, and the work itself is far from unpleasant; although, to judge from the batches of oblong loaves which are stacked in long regiments on the

counters, it must leave little opportunity for idling.

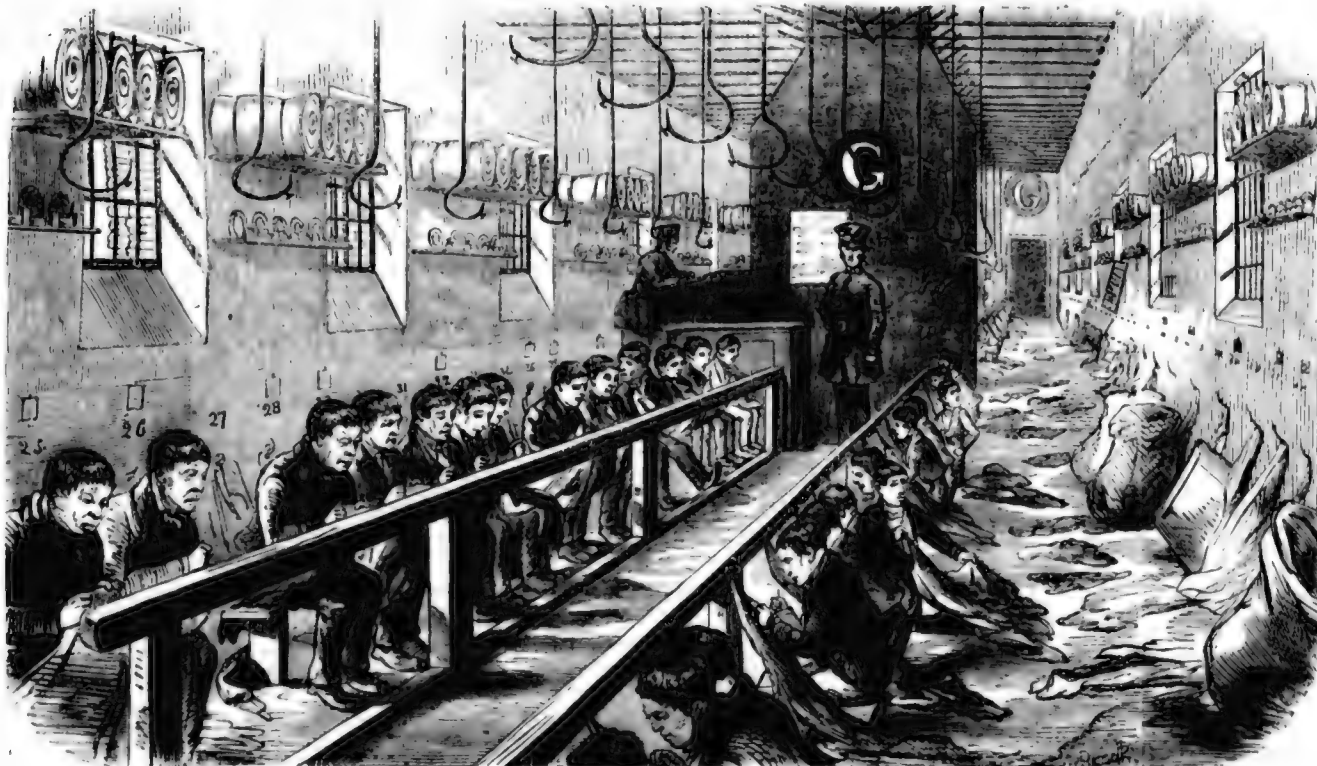
The dietary for sick prisoners who have been removed to the infirmary depends entirely upon the direction of the attendant surgeon, and the infirmary itself is lighter and not so depressing as the ordinary portion of the building; while the iron bedsteads are, in some instances, provided with check curtains, and a mat is placed beside each bed for the patient to stand upon. The amount of sickness at Millbank is sometimes considerable, which is easily accounted for by the fact of its being a general depot.

The rules for preserving cleanliness include the periodical shaving and hair-cutting of the prisoners, and their bathing once a week in the baths provided for the purpose, which occupy a portion of the lower part of the pentagon, and are each inclosed with a wooden partition, leaving sufficient space to dress and undress.

(To be continued.)



THE BURIAL-GROUND, MILLBANK PRISON.



PRISONERS' ASSOCIATION WORKROOM.



REFRACTORY FEMALE PRISONER IN CANVAS DRESS, WITH HER ARMS PINIONED.





DEERSTALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS.



'THE PRISONER.'—(FROM A PICTURE, BY J. L. GEROME, IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF FINE ARTS.)



## DEERSTALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

AMONG the pursuits keenly followed at this season by sportsmen deerstalking holds a foremost place. Much attention has been given of late years to the preservation of deer in the North, and sportsmen have this year generally had ample opportunities of testing their skill in this most exciting but difficult department of the chase. A keen eye, a steady hand, utter indifference to fatigue, and perfect caution and self-control, are indispensable to the deerstalker. Possessed of these qualities, armed with a good rifle, and having access to good shooting-ground, the sportsman need have little reason to complain of want of success. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is an enthusiastic and, according to report, expert deerstalker. Undeterred by the frequent rain which has lately fallen in the Highlands, the Prince persistently pursues his now favourite pastime, and not unfrequently has he tried the lungs of his more elderly keepers to follow him on the hills in pursuit of game. On Saturday, the 6th, the Prince was out shooting at Invergelde, and succeeded in taking down three noble stags, which he exhibited to the Princess that evening by torchlight, on the lawn in front of the castle. On Sunday week the Prince and Princess attended Divine service at Crathie, and in the afternoon the Prince and Princess drove to the wood, east from Corbieha, and took tea among the heather. In fact, their Royal Highnesses have been indulging largely in picnicking since they have been in the Highlands. On Tuesday week the Prince was again among the hills, and brought down a fine deer. The Princess and attendants drove to the Garrauld and took luncheon. On Wednesday the Prince, Princess, and suite drove to Garmundie, a hill on the west side of Balmoral, and lunched, returning late in the afternoon. In the evening a ball was given to the servants and gillies of the Prince at the castle. The Princess has devoted a good deal of attention to fishing, and, rod in hand, may often be seen engaged in piscatorial pursuits; and, it is said, not without success, as she has more than once succeeded in securing a good "basket." It may not be uninteresting to notice that, though the Prince and Princess, more especially the latter, almost daily hovered round Balmoral Castle for a while, they never ventured inside until the Queen's arrival—the notion in the locality being that her Majesty, "the lady of the manor," wished them not to enter until she was there herself to receive them.

## "THE PRISONER."

OUR Engraving represents one of the most celebrated of the pictures in the Exhibition of Fine Arts at Paris, and, although a small painting, has greatly increased the reputation of the artist, M. Gérôme. The execution is elaborate almost to a fault, since every detail is wrought into a study; but the whole scene is admirably depicted, its principal charm being the contrast between the calm flow of the river—the almost deathlike stillness which seems to be indicated by its broken banks standing blankly against the sky—and the deed of violence which is being enacted on board the galley where the wretched captive is stretched, his hands shackled by the galling beam which holds his wrists. Like a grim and stately Fate the figure of the Turk sits, the impersonation of tyranny under the name of justice; while a more refined cruelty is exhibited by the lively Greek, who taunts the miserable prisoner by some gibing song, accompanied by his guitar.

## ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

**NORTH WARWICKSHIRE.**—It has been announced that Mr. Spooner will retire from the representation of North Warwickshire upon the next dissolution of Parliament; and that the Hon. Charles Lennox Butler has been requested and has signified his willingness to offer himself to represent the constituency on Conservative principles. The candidate selected by the Liberal party is Mr. Charles Holte Bracebridge, of Atherstone Hall.

**TAMWORTH.**—The Hon. Henry Cowper is the candidate on the Liberal interest for the representation of this borough, in the room of Lord Raynham, who succeeds to the marquessate of Townshend. Mr. R. Peel, a son of the Dean of Worcester, and Mr. Daniels, Q.C., have also been spoken of as candidates.

**SHEFFIELD.**—A few weeks ago a requisition, signed by 2500 electors, was presented to the Mayor of Sheffield, Mr. John Brown, requesting him to become a candidate at the next vacancy. Mr. Brown has consented to be put in nomination, and professes "enlightened and progressive views."

**KENT.**—Mr. Wykeham Martin having intimated his intention to offer himself as a candidate for Newport in the event of an election, and Mr. Whitmore intending to contest Maidstone, the Liberals in this county are bearing up for candidates. Sir Joseph Hawley, and Mr. Goldschmidt, of Somersham, have been spoken of. It is believed that Sir E. Filmer will not again contest the county in the Conservative interest; consequently, that party is also in search of a suitable candidate.

**THE BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—The 20th anniversary meeting of this society, established in 1843 for the encouragement and prosecution of researches into the arts and monuments of the early and middle ages, will be held at Leeds, on Monday, Oct. 12, and during the remainder of the week. Excursions will be made by the members to Ripon and Fountain's Abbey, Adel, Farnley, Ilkley, Harewood, Wakefield, Pontefract, Boroughbridge, Aldborough, Kirkstall Abbey, Halifax, and York. On the day of opening, the president and members of the association will be received by the Mayor and Corporation at the Townhall, the use of which has been granted for the meetings and discussions.

**THE ANNAMITE AMBASSADORS.**—The physical appearance of these Ambassadors, who have just arrived in Paris, is by no means prepossessing. Only the heads of the Embassy wear shoes; the rest go barefooted, and it is painfully obvious that they do not consider cleanliness a virtue. One particular is their utter disdain of pocket-handkerchiefs, and, unlike the Chinese, they do not use square pieces of paper as a substitute. They are, however, it would appear from one account, susceptible of civilisation. They are fond of French cookery and champagne, and have a lively appreciation of trifles, which they conceive to resemble their favourite dish at home—pickled caterpillars.

**INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT WINDSOR.**—Cardinal Wolsey's Chapel is now being restored and beautified, and, while erecting some richly-carved stonework last week, it became necessary for the workmen of Messrs. Poole (who have charge of the restoration) to cut away a portion of the wall on each side of the doorway opening into the cloisters opposite St. George's Chapel. On removing the masses of stone from the mortar in which they were imbedded, sixteen or eighteen of the pieces were discovered to have formed (it is supposed) a portion of the chapel erected by Henry VIII. These interesting relics form portions of the jamb of a doorway with ogee mouldings, pillars, and other parts of an ancient ecclesiastical edifice. On one of the stones is an angel's wing, while the mouldings and surfaces still bear the crimson, green, red, and black colours with which they were decorated in curved and zigzag lines. The whole of the stones seem to have belonged to the Early English and Norman periods. They have been examined by Mr. Batchelor, the antiquarian of Windsor Castle; and it is believed that in the reign of Henry VIII. they were used in the construction of the present edifice, in forming the interior wall.

**RAISING OF THE BARON OBY.**—On Saturday last operations for raising this vessel were resumed. One of Norton's patent V-shaped pumps was placed over the fore-hatch, the leak being in the fore part of the vessel. She is built in compartments, and the bulkheads had stood with comparatively trifling leakage. Over the after-hatch was placed one of Fowler's centrifugal pumps; this had to clear that compartment only. When Norton's pump was put to work it was found that it reduced the depth of water at the rate of one inch per minute. In about an hour the vessel was well afloat, and was warped to the south shore clear of the navigation. Here the rent in her bottom, which was from nine to ten feet long, will be patched up, and the vessel will then be taken into dry dock to be repaired. Norton's pump, used in raising the Baron Oby, makes seventy revolutions per minute, has an engine of six-horse power, the pressure of steam is 35 lb., the length of stroke 12 in., the square of the pump 8 in., the diameter of the suction-pipe 10 in., and, with a consumption of 84 lb. of fuel, the pump threw up 257 tons of water per hour.

**FEARFUL CRANE ACCIDENT.**—A fearful accident occurred at Messrs. Morrison and Co.'s extensive engine works, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Saturday morning last. Four men were engaged with others in stripping a monster casting of fifteen tons, which was in the moulding pit. The casting was lifted by means of a travelling crane, which worked upon two girders. The men appear to have put the crane too much on one side, and one of the girders gave way, throwing both men and crane into the pit. One man, Felix Campbell, was killed upon the spot. Michael Cooley, a lad eighteen years of age, was very much injured about the head, and is not likely to recover. Edward Gallagher and John McGuire were also seriously injured, but hopes are entertained of their recovery. These accidents with travelling cranes have become of frequent occurrence lately. Surely greater care and attention to the sufficiency of the apparatus would tend to prevent such sad catastrophes.

## Literature.

*A Manual of Popular Physiology; being an Attempt to Explain the Science of Life in Untechnical Language.* By HENRY LAWSON, M.D., &c. Robert Hardwicke.

Dr. Lawson argues, rightly enough, that those people who do not understand technical language had better learn by means of the untechnical; that a translation of "Faust" is better than no "Faust" at all to those readers who are ignorant of German. In point of fact it is no more than a question of style; and why there should be two styles, one of them universally comprehensible, and the other about as intelligible to the general reader as a Runic inscription, is more than can be satisfactorily explained. It may have been designed to prevent everybody becoming doctors; in which case it might have been as well to extend the design up to the point when nobody would have become a doctor. At least, funny misanthropes might say so, and send for a "medical practitioner" next moment to improve upon a sprained ankle, or some disorderly Nemesis of the morning fatally attendant upon the last night. Dr. Lawson's book may be briefly described as an accompaniment to some few observations. It is an account, inch by inch, of what we are; how our toes are made, and what becomes of our perspiration; what nerves are, and what glands. Cords of all kinds are freely discussed. The brain is weighed. The kidneys have no longer anything to conceal. Two skins are proved to be better than one. The heart ought to be considerably affected at the attention shown it; and an attempt is even made to pluck out the heart of the spleen's mystery; but Dr. Lawson confesses himself at fault there, although he has previously complimented Providence for the usefulness of every part of the human frame, and the profession for having found it out. It is certain that some amiable enthusiasts of the French vivisectionist school have cut out the spleen from a dog, and Ponto has gone on, apparently, as if nothing had happened. As for the pancreas, or sweetbread, lovers of delicacies will be glad to learn that that bulbous-looking *entrée*, at the back of the stomach of man, is never so happy as when turning starch into sugar—the darling alchemist! But digestion is the grand thing, and readers would do well to understand that roast pork takes five hours and a quarter to obey police regulations, whilst pigs' feet, more accustomed perhaps to the work, manage to move on in the short space of sixty minutes. Mutton is harder to digest than beef, and veal harder still; tripe rolls along neck and neck with the pigs' feet; broiled trout is half an hour later, boiling venison steak by five minutes, whilst milk requires precisely one-twelfth of twice round the clock, and roast turkey is punctual at 2h. 30m.

Sometimes doctors disagree. Not long since a popular, or untechnical writer in the *Cornhill Magazine*, in an article called "Food and its Uses," adopted an hypothesis to the effect that in an average adult in good health, the amount of saliva secreted within the twenty-four hours would be three pounds weight, and thirty-seven pounds weight of the gastric juice would be secreted in the same time. Now Dr. Lawson, going to the "best authorities," says, under the same conditions, three pounds eight ounces of saliva and only fourteen pounds of gastric juice. Here is a remarkable discrepancy. Certainly, the *Cornhill* writer qualified the quoted hypothesis by admitting something to the effect that there was nothing certain in life, and that even gastric juice was not powerful enough to become an exception to a universal rule on its own account; but the difference is very great. Possibly the "best authorities" known to Dr. Lawson may be the worst authorities of others, or they may be the victims of circumstances—just as the most fatal and severe accidents are eternally happening to the careful guard, the skilful driver, the engineer who has driven millions of miles without causing a single passenger so much nuisance as a headache. Those are the people who kill fifty at a time. The captain who knew every rock on the coast, and, as the ship bumped, said, "And there's one of 'em," is only a fair instance of the "best authority," although the circumstances differ slightly from the gastric-juice case under dispute. However, it is not worth the candle to continue this subject further.

Upon the whole, this new "Manual of Physiology" seems to be complete and comprehensible enough; and those who want to see themselves as others—that is, as doctors—see them, are not likely to find a more painstaking and friendly writer within the space than Dr. Lawson. There is an air about the book of talking to very small children—of explaining that the earth is nearly orbicular, and so forth—which will be found charmingly ludicrous to young gentlemen nearly up to high-whisker point and who have got over the horrors of the first hot post-mortem. A pair of razors and a trip round an hospital dead-head, together with a playful slap of the hand on a grim something which adorns the dissecting-table, will be ample evidence that Dr. Lawson's book is after its time there. The question of style, the technical and the untechnical, is an amusing matter enough when coming from the doctor, whose literary style occasionally degenerates into the purest bombast of these very affected days. There is a wonderful passage about the kidneys. Here it is—the reader is addressed:—"O Nephrophagous gourmand (from *nephros*, a kidney; and *phagm*, to eat), you whose pleasure it is to masticate the renal organs, &c.," and in the preface we are reminded that "There is an old and familiar proverb regarding the strangulation of that member of the canine genus which has through some mischance been deprived of its fair reputation." This is fine writing indeed, but there is a fatal want of accuracy. A proficient in fine language, and who wanted to use the proverb, would have mentioned that the strangulation was effected by means of perpendicular suspension. Otherwise, it might have been mistaken for the enlightened bowstring, or that more modern extinguisher, the garrotter's grip. But it is painful to find a fault with the doctor. He is so sensible; he insists on a good supply of tobacco and brandy-and-water, and swears that the Turkish bath increases the number of heart and kidney disease, which it most probably does. But good Mr. Barter would be grieved if he heard his little Turkish bath palace, in Victoria-street, spoken of as a "public stewing apparatus."

There is a large and not over-healthy section of the public which delights in books of this class. We say "this class" in order to be understood, for the general public looks upon medical and physiological literature as precisely the same thing, which it is not, although it is very necessary to study one as well as the other to obtain any useful grasp of the subject. But in this book they will be deceived. There is not a single nasty word in it; yet it may be doubted if it be nice reading for all ages and both sexes. It is a nuisance, for instance, to think of a gland when dancing with the object of your affections, and to think of her lips as "tissues" might prevent modest men from kissing them. At least, the true philosophy would be to keep young ladies in blissful ignorance, and therefore encourage them to kiss as often as they please.

In conclusion, we must not forget to mention that all parts of the human frame are illustrated by woodcuts, very many of which prove anything but pretty pictures in that frame.

*Oscar (in Four Cantos), and Autumnal Gleanings.* By J. H. R. BAYLEY, F.C.P. Author of "The Drama of Life," "Lyrical Breathing," "The Spanish Assassin," &c. (F. Pitman.)

The quality of mercy is not strained—no; but it would have to be before it could be extended to Mr. Bayley and his congeners. We are not to be propitiated into politeness by the tender of his carte de visite upon which this book opens; neither are we to be terrified by the cabalistically illegible autograph appended to the likeness. This precious minstrel belongs to a breed for which we have no consideration, no courtesy. Our only criticism is, Be off with your hurdy-gurdy! Move on! And may the next street refuse you a copper!

The breed to which we refer is that which makes a trade of putting moral commonplaces into verse. The majority of these minstrels are parasites of the lowest order, who get half guineas out of public men (in exchange for a book which stinks in the nostrils) by complimentary letters proposing dedications, and all that sort of

thing. Then the answers, engaging "to take two copies of your volume of poems when published," are printed with the book, like the testimonials from the Earl of Aldborough to Swalloway's pills, and Maria Joly to the Revalenta Arabica. The secretary of Louis Napoleon actually writes to Mr. Bayley, recognising him as a distinguished Englishman! Sir Robert Peel appears to have complimented him, and probably Lord Palmerston may some day put him on the pension list. We almost hope he may, for the preposterous impudence of the book before us turns indignation into cynicism.

We appeal to the readers of our critical columns to say if we have not always shown ourselves ready to recognise the smallest glimmering of genuine faculty in writers of verse. The humblest singer, if he only *does* sing, is entitled to a welcome; nay, he is pretty sure to have it, one time or another. Let us, then, be kind (as Christopher North said) to any "gowsdink or yellow-hammer" that comes chirping about our literary encampments, and "pray that never naughty schoolboy may harry his nest." But what are we to do with the man who puts copybook slips into rhyme and hawks them round with that impudent complacency which, more than anything, stirs up one's gall? We cannot suffer fools gladly, as Paul did. Nay, our rage is so overmastering that it barely leaves us voice to bid the "sturdy beggar" be gone!

Among the testimonials to Mr. Bayley's pills—we beg pardon, poems—there is one which we are going to quote. It is a very modest, kind, manly letter; but what are we to think of the footnote appended by this precious bard? It is open, *perhaps*, to two constructions, and we give the bard the benefit of the doubt by reproducing the whole thing:—

COPY OF A LETTER FROM ALDERMAN JAMES HARMER.\*

Ingress Abbey, July 6, 1852.  
Dear Sir,—I cannot have any objection to your dedicating your work to me; on the contrary, you confer on me an honour I do not deserve, and I cannot help suggesting to you the propriety of your selecting some gentleman of greater celebrity and influence than I can pretend to on whom to bestow the honour. If you adopt my suggestion, I shall feel equally obliged by the kind offer you have made me, and shall be happy to promote the success of the work.  
I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
JAMES HARMER.

\* This is the celebrated James Harmer of Weekly Dispatch notoriety, Lord Mayor popularity, and "Old Bailey" eloquence.

Our readers will be able to guess what we think of Mr. Bayley's book. We cordially wish it the most entire success. Instead of echoing good-natured Mr. Scholefield's hope of "a prompt clearing off of the edition," we put up to high Heaven a devout hope of our own for the prompt clearing of the fields of literature of these parasitic pests. Then there will be an honest chance for the real "gowsdinks and yellow-hammers," whose fate, at present, it sets the heart bleeding to think of.

## THE STATE OF LANCASHIRE.

ANOTHER return from the Poor Law Board gives us fresh evidence of improvement in the condition of Lancashire. According to Mr. Purdy's latest figures the number of paupers in the first week of September was less by 1710 than it had been in the last week of August. This is so far satisfactory; but neither these weekly bulletins of Mr. Purdy, nor the similar computations presented by Mr. Farnall to the Relief Committee at Manchester, are to be accepted as complete reflections of the whole state of affairs. They are not only of limited application, but since the beginning of last month they have ceased, owing to particular arrangements, to afford even an accurate indication of the gross account. We have lately seen the figures in a state of violent oscillation—rising rapidly one week and sinking the next—without any apparent cause for either phenomenon. The truth, however, is that there has been no real variation in the tendency of events—no turn of the tide whatever. The changes have all been produced by re-arrangements of account, and by the transfer of figures from one head to another. The actual course of affairs will be distinctly perceived from the subjoined table, compiled for the information of the general committee. It should be premised that relief is given to the operatives in need either by boards of guardians in the regular way, or by local committees constituted for the occasion, or from the two sources in conjunction. Taking all these proceedings together, we get the following comprehensive account of the number of persons in receipt of relief through the past eight months of the present year:—

	From Guardians (outdoor) only.	From both Guardians and Local Committees.	From Local Committees only.	Total Number Relieved.
January	82,156	138,889	235,741	456,786
February	65,946	141,019	232,564	440,529
March	70,400	133,002	222,969	426,411
April	69,315	114,657	180,247	364,219
May	67,766	93,124	133,391	294,281
June	73,263	78,175	104,792	256,230
July	78,417	56,718	78,980	214,115
August	85,264	49,594	70,403	205,261

This table gives a complete and satisfactory explanation of the ebb and flow in the official returns. When the distress was at its height in January last the local committees bore the brunt of the work, having, indeed, on their special lists more than half of the whole numbers then in need. But as things began to look better and trade to revive their business fell off, till at length they found themselves at Midsummer last with only about a third of their original occupation. This they naturally thought insufficient to require further attention, or to call for a distinct establishment, and so several committees closed their accounts and transferred their small balance of customers to the boards of guardians. But that, of course, produced an increase of pressure on the guardians; and as it is from the returns of the guardians, and not from those of the local committees, that the official reports are compiled, the public, seeing only those reports, was naturally led to suppose that there had been from some cause or other a temporary access of affliction. In reality, as will now be seen, there was no check or change whatever in the progress established since January.

**THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.**—The capital necessary for carrying out the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise in the best manner has now been provided. Tenders and specimens from eight contractors have been received in reply to the company's advertisement. These were all submitted to the scientific committee appointed by the directors, and consisted of Captain Galton, R.E., Professor Wheatstone, Professor Thomson, Mr. W. Fairbairn, and Mr. Joseph Whitworth. This committee have sent in their report, unanimously recommending the board to accept the tender of Messrs. Glass, Elliot, and Co. The directors have accordingly accepted Messrs. Glass's tender, and entered into a contract with that firm whereby the latter are bound to manufacture a cable of the best description, to be approved by the scientific committee and the board. They also undertake to lay the cable across the Atlantic in 1864. The manufacture of the cable has already commenced.

**A DARK CLOUD OVER AMERICA.**—"Manhattan," after describing several clouds which he believes to be hanging over Federal prospects, says:—"Another cloud in the distance is the 500,000 darks that Jeff Davis is to arm and send North. This is considered a very good joke by many persons. Newspapers that deem it true plausibly quote the sentence, 'Whom God wishes to destroy he first makes mad.' There will be too much method in arming even 100,000 slaves. Under masters that they dread they will become powerful soldiers; incited by a prospect of a reward of land they will become giants. The negro slave will believe his master. When he has in former years said he would give him a potato patch, or anything else, he has done it. The negro will believe that he will faithfully keep his word in the new promise, and he will make a soldier—and one to be dreaded by the Northern army. I see trouble ahead, with a negro army of slaves fighting for the rebels. Doubtless, they will eventually fight for themselves against their white masters in the South; but that may be twenty years hence. There will be bloody work if the Southern slaves are armed and pushed into this war. This is a very dark cloud indeed in the distance."

**THE DISCOVERY OF BODIES IN WHITECHAPEL CHURCH.**—Mr. Humphreys, the Coroner for East Middlesex, closed the inquiry on Saturday last relative to the bodies of the children recently found in the roof and beirry of Whitechapel Church. Much evidence was taken, but few facts of importance transpired. The jury returned the following verdict on one of the children:—"That on the 22nd of August the deceased child, unknown, being an infant of tender age, was found in the roof of Whitechapel Church, and that, from the lapse of time there was no evidence to prove how the said child came by its death; and the jury find, upon evidence, that it is the practice of undertakers to receive certificates for the burial of stillborn children from midwives, or any other female, and the jurors feel that such a practice affords facilities for the perpetration of abortion and infanticide, and they recommend that any person burying, or assisting to bury, a stillborn child without a proper medical certificate shall incur the penalty of a misdemeanour. And the jury declare the sexton of Whitechapel Church guilty of great irregularity in burying stillborn children in a closed churchyard, and in destroying the certificates, and in not accounting to his superiors in such cases; and that he was guilty of culpable negligence in his care of the church which was in his charge, and the entrance to which was entirely in his keeping. And the jury recommend that the officers of the parish should communicate the suggestions above contained to the Secretary of State for the Home Department."



LAW AND CRIME.

John Sharpe summoned a pawnbroker, named Coombes, for illegal detention of a watch and chain belonging to complainant. Sharpe had taken the articles to the defendant's shop and offered them in pledge. The pawnbroker said, "I have one of your chains here now, have I not?" Sharpe denied the fact; but the pawnbroker added, "Oh yes, I have. I shall detain these till you repay me the amount advanced on the other chain." Thereupon Sharpe took out the summons. The solicitor to the Pawnbrokers' Association appeared for the defendant, who, he stated, had adopted the only means in his power to expose and check a scandalous system of fraud. It was shown that a few weeks previously Sharpe had offered the pawnbroker a chain, alleging it to be good silver. The pawnbroker offered to try it, when Sharpe said, "Oh, you need not do that, it has already been tried; look at the swivel." The swivel had been filed, as if by a jeweller, in two places, and the cuts presented a surface of silver. On this, Sharpe obtained a loan of 10s. It was afterwards found that the chain was worthless, and had been electroplated, after having been filed, for purposes of fraud. The magistrate considered that, notwithstanding the proved fraud, the pawnbroker had no right to detain the watch and chain offered by Sharpe upon his second visit. He therefore ordered him to restore the articles, and pay 2s. costs. But with respect to the fraud, having directed complainant and defendant to change their places, he committed Sharpe for trial, and ordered the chain to be impounded by the police.

A new system of passing bad money was exposed upon a charge at the Mansion House against one John Phillips, lately a waiter at a luncheon-house in Seething lane, City. Bad money had been from time to time found in the till of the establishment, and, upon examination, it had been discovered that by means of an aperture at the back of the drawer an exchange or theft might be easily effected while the till was locked. The prisoner was suspected, and shortly afterwards, on receiving a half-crown from a customer, handed a counterfeit to the proprietress. The customer, having heard rumours of the prisoner's practices, had particularly noticed the good coin given by him to the waiter, who, upon being directly taxed with the crime, confessed his guilt and showed where he had concealed the coin received. A bad sovereign, declared to be one of the "best" counterfeits ever seen, was found concealed in some sand in the scullery used by the prisoner, and five bad halfcrowns were produced from a black leather bag at his lodgings. He refused to give up the names of his accomplices, and was committed for trial.

The whipping clause in the recent anti-garrotte Act stands apparently a fair chance of being tried as to the merits of its practical application. The most indispensable preliminary has been the capture of the garrotter. One James Luby has recently been arrested and charged upon distinct evidence with two garrotte robberies, both committed in Chelsea in the month of June last. In one case a builder named Parsons had been attacked after the regular garrotte fashion, and robbed of his watch and chain. He was too much injured to raise an alarm or to follow the robbers farther than enabled him to swear positively to the prisoner, whom he had since identified among a crowd in the yard of the police office. The second case was that of an old gentleman, aged upwards of sixty, who had been most brutally ill-treated by the prisoner and his gang. He declared that having suffered all the pangs of return to consciousness from drowning, they were nothing to the pains caused by the ruffianly attack, during which he momentarily expected to die of strangulation. His back also had been much injured. "Did you drive your knee into my back?" asked the poor old gentleman of the ruffian in the dock. He was, however, at once informed that a prisoner is not subject to be questioned. The prisoner has already seventeen convictions recorded against him, eight of which were for felony, and the others for desperate assaults. So much for the mistaken lenity of the Home Office, which lets loose these human tigers continually upon innocent and honest citizens. The prisoner was committed for trial on both charges.

POLICE.

MORE GAROTTING.—Charlotte Dale was charged before Mr. Cooke with being concerned in stealing from the person a valuable gold watch and money, and other property.

Joseph Wiler, whose evidence was taken through the medium of an interpreter, said: I am a German, and live in Mitre-street, Aldgate. On Friday, the 5th inst., at a late hour of the night, I was alone in Spitalfields, when this woman, who had just before been talking with some men in the street, came up and accosted me. She went on, and suddenly, about two minutes afterwards, I was seized by the throat from behind. A man instantly stepped in front of me, and also laid hold of my throat, while a third caught up my legs, and I was flung to the ground. My coat was torn open, my gold watch taken from my pocket, and £6 5s. in gold and silver money from my trouser's pocket, as likewise a passport. I had an umbrella in my hand, but could not defend myself, as two of the men were lying on my chest and stomach. Presently they jumped up and ran off, taking with them my hat and umbrella, and I have not since seen them nor my property. I was sober. I was very much hurt by being flung down, and also by the pressure on my throat and body. A gentleman, as I afterwards ascertained, was approaching, and it is my belief that had not some one come I should in five minutes have been dead. Now, are you sure that the prisoner is the woman who was talking to the men?

I am most positive. There were three men speaking to her; and as I lay I distinctly observed that the men robbing me were the same.

Did you see the woman at that time?

No, I could not. She had passed down the street. If only a few yards off I could not have seen her; but I gave a description, and swear to her identity.

It appeared that the prisoner was apprehended on the day following the outrage, and remanded under the belief that the police would succeed in taking the principal offenders, but as yet their efforts have been unsuccessful.

The prisoner, when asked what answer she wished to offer upon the evidence against her, said: It was about one o'clock in the morning when I was there. I saw no men, and know nothing of the matter.

Mr. Cooke: I shall further remand this prisoner for a week, and probably in that space of time the men may be apprehended.

MRS. ISAACS'S CRIMINALITY.—Ester Isaac, a Jewess, was brought before Mr. Leigh, charged with smuggling 5lb. of cigars.

Mr. John Penny, an examining officer of Excise, produced a huge cinnoline, and said the prisoner was a passenger in the Britannia steam-ship on Wednesday afternoon, and in and around the inside of her cinnoline she discovered the five bags produced, filled with cigars. The production of the cinnoline and bags created much laughter.

The prisoner, a foreigner, said she brought the cigars from Holland for her husband to smoke during the ensuing Jewish holidays.

Mr. Leigh.—Your husband could not smoke 5lb. of cigars in one week. You are fined 50s., and in default of payment one month's imprisonment.

BREAKING WINDOWS AT ST. PANCRA'S WORKHOUSE. A PRISONER PREFERRED TO THE WORKHOUSE.—Julian Best, Alfred Sainsbury, and William Beckingham, described as of no homes or occupations, were charged with breaking windows at the workhouse of St. Pancras. The gate porter stated that the previous night, as he was admitting two persons out of the rain, the prisoners came to him, and said that they had broken windows. They had applied for admission, but he could not let them in as the house was full. They were continually hanging about the house and did no work.

The prisoners said that they applied for admission, and were refused. They had been out in the streets three nights, and each night had got wet through. The previous night they were out in the pouring rain, and as they were refused they were determined to do something to get into prison, for it was far preferable to a workhouse.

Mr. D'Eyncourt said they ought to look for work. Sainsbury said he had been a soldier, and had been dismissed from the Army on account of heart disease and of giddiness in the head. There were plenty of beds that night, but he was refused admission, and for what he could not tell. It was not fit for a dog to be out in the rain on Wednesday night.

Mr. D'Eyncourt ordered them to pay a fine of £1 each, and the damages, or, in default, to be confined in the House of Correction for one calendar month with hard labour.

The prisoners said that, when they came out, if they were not taken in they would again break the windows.

A DEAF AND DUMB FIGHT.—Martin Fry, a powerful young man, was charged with being disorderly in the street and assaulting the police. It was stated that he was deaf and dumb.

Mr. Arnold asked whether there was any one present who could acquaint the defendant with the charge against him, and the evidence of the constable in support of it.

Defendant's sister stepped forward and was formally sworn to interpret the evidence to the best of her skill and ability, and discharged the duty by signs and gesticulations with much apparent ability.

Police-constable Baker said he was in Cremorne-road at seven the previous evening, when he found the defendant and another man fighting. He separated them and told them to go away, when he not only found that the defendant was deaf and dumb, but that the other man was similarly afflicted. There was a large mob assembled, and, with the assistance of another constable, witness dispersed the people and got defendant and the other away; but in a few minutes the accused returned to the spot and commenced fighting with another man. The latter went away, but defendant would not, and knocked witness's hat off and struck him in the breast. He was very violent all the way to the station.

Defendant's sister communicated with him, and after an exchange of signs said that his reply was that he did not remember anything that had occurred.

Mr. Arnold asked whether he was intoxicated.

The Constable replied that he was, and added that he was not hurt by the blows defendant gave him.

Inspector Drake said that defendant was generally a well-conducted man.

Mr. Arnold said he should require him to find one surety for his good behaviour. He was locked up in default.

THE JEW AND THE SOLDIER.—Hyman Lazarus was charged with aiding a deserter.

Eugene Sullivan, a private in the Artillery at Woolwich, stated that on the previous afternoon, while passing along Petticoat-lane, he met the prisoner, witness being at the time in full uniform and wearing an Indian medal. Prisoner asked, "Will you sell your medal?" and witness answered distinctly "No." Subsequently, he was induced to accompany the prisoner to a public-house, where he left him with a treat of drink, but quickly returned with another man, whom he stated to be his brother; that man invited him to his "quarters;" and all three went to a house in a court not far distant. Again he was asked to sell his medal, and again refused. Some more drink was sent for, and when witness endeavoured to leave prisoner's companion prevented it by placing his back against the door. After partaking of the liquor then brought witness became stupid and helpless, but was cognisant of both men cutting off his medal and clasp, and 2s. being put into his hand. The entire of his uniform and boots were taken from him, and prisoner fetched some clothes, which he gave to witness and made him put on. The door was almost immediately afterwards opened, and prisoner said, "Now you may go; hook it, fast as you like; you are all right." Witness left and got back to Woolwich as quickly as he could. Having somewhat recovered, he returned to London with a Sergeant, to whom he had narrated what had transpired, and gave prisoner into custody. Prisoner endeavoured to escape, and finding this impossible, declared that he had never seen the soldier before.

Other evidence proved that prisoner was apprehended while endeavouring to leave a house in Mulberry-court, Petticoat-lane, and that a pair of braces found on him belonged to prisoner. The other man, although well described, had not been taken into custody. The soldier had borne a good character for the past eleven years.

Prisoner was remanded, but admitted to bail if he could procure it.

SPECIMEN OF A STREET BEGGAR.—Patrick Tighe, a sturdy old Irish mendicant and a cripple, who has been preying on the public nearly half a century, was brought before Mr. Woolrich, charged with stealing a sovereign.

Mrs. Lowrie, the wife of an engineer, of Millwall, stated that she received her husband's wages on Friday evening, and was hastening towards her home for the purpose of attending to her baby, when the prisoner solicited alms of her and would not be refused. He pressed her so much, and told such a pitiable tale, that a man gave him a halfpenny. She put her hand into her pocket and took from it what she thought to be a halfpenny, and said, "Here, old man, here is another halfpenny for you." As she put the coin into his hand she observed it to shine brightly, and at once suspected she had given him a sovereign. She uttered an exclamation, ran to the next gaslight, and looked at her money. She missed a new sovereign directly, and begged of the prisoner to return it, telling him that she was a poor woman, and that her husband worked hard for his money. He said he knew nothing of it, and stoutly denied he had received a sovereign. She repeatedly implored him to return the money, but he would not. She then gave him into custody. He spoke to a woman before the policeman arrived. The prisoner said he never begged for more than sixpence in his life. He was as innocent of the sovereign as his "honour's worship."

Mr. Woolrich had no doubt the prisoner received the poor woman's sovereign, and he was a very great scoundrel. He could not punish prisoner for stealing the sovereign, but he sentenced him, as a rogue and vagabond, to 21 days' imprisonment with hard labour.

THE ADVANTAGE OF STREET-PREACHING TO THIEVES. Charles Wright, Edward Bullen, and Henry Brunley, were charged before Mr. Elliott with picking pockets.

Hans, a detective, said that on the evening before he watched the prisoners from the Elephant and Castle along the Kennington-road, and to a crowd of persons surrounding a street preacher. As soon as they reached the crowd they at once commenced picking the pockets of those assembled, but being alone and unable to capture all three he did not then attempt to apprehend them. One of them, Wright, caught sight of him and instantly informed his companions, and all hurried away. Witness, however, got on an omnibus, and saw all three standing at a lamp-post examining something "shiny," and subsequently followed them till he met two other officers and took all three into custody, and on Bullen found a snuffbox, which he had no doubt he had stolen. In reply to questions by the magistrate, the witness said the prisoners were all well known to the police. Wright had been committed from this court for trial on a clear case of felony; but his counsel on the trial so confused the prosecutor that he got him off.

Mr. Elliott remanded the prisoners for a week for further inquiries.

CRIME IN SPAIN.—The Spanish journals record a series of murders and robberies recently committed in various parts of the country. Two of these crimes were perpetrated in the middle of the day with extraordinary audacity, and in both cases the murderers have succeeded in baffling all the efforts of the police to arrest them. On Monday week, about two o'clock in the afternoon, two well-dressed strangers went to a house in the Calle de la Independencia, Madrid, and asked to see an apartment on the first floor, then unoccupied. The porter having shown the rooms, the men at once agreed to take them, and one of them went to fetch an upholsterer to agree about furnishing them, and in a few minutes returned with one. The tradesman, however, had no sooner entered the apartments than the two men fell on him with their daggers. The man's screams attracted a crowd of persons, but the murderers contrived to escape, and when the police arrived they found the unfortunate upholsterer in the agonies of death. On the next day, about the same hour, three men called on a parish priest at Saragossa, named Moreno, whom they knew to possess a large sum of money. They threatened him with instant death if he did not give it up. He refused, and raised an alarm, but the robbers stabbed him to the heart and fled. Another affair of a different but still more tragic character occurred in a village near Saragossa. A young and beautiful daughter of a wealthy Hidalgo was about to be married to the son of a neighbour, when a young officer came to the village to pass a three months' furlough. He saw the young lady, was smitten with her charms, and declared himself her suitor. This so excited the jealousy of her intended that, happening to meet his rival after hearing mass, he began a quarrel which resulted in a challenge to settle their difference by a duel with knives. It came off the same evening, and, after continuing with the utmost fury for three-quarters of an hour, ended in the death of both combatants.

LIVELY FEARS OF A COUNTY MAGISTRATE.—On Friday week Mr. W. S. G. Standish, of Duxbury Hall, near Wigan, one of the magistrates for the petty sessional division of Chorley, Lancashire, formerly in the regular Army, and at present Lieutenant in Lord Skelmerdale's troop of Yeomany Hussars, came forward to answer the charges of having shot at a man named Michael Burke, and of having wounded another, named Thomas Hesketh, on the highway. It appeared that for some days Mr. Standish had been drinking rather freely. In the evening he came up to four harvestmen near Latham House. He presented a pistol at three of them in succession, firing at the third man, and hitting him on the shoulder. He then galloped off to Latham House, where he was met by Sergeant Nunnerley, to whom he delivered two pistols, one empty and the other charged, and began to talk incoherently about there being a riot at Ormskirk, and the troop being called out. After a short stay, Mr. Standish again took the road to Ormskirk, accompanied by Nunnerley, who saw he was intoxicated. Presently they were met by Inspector Jervis, of the Ormskirk police, and Mr. Standish was called upon to surrender; but he declined to do so, turned his horse round, and galloped off furiously, brandishing his sword. While thus engaged, he came up to Hesketh and another man named Mordaunt. The latter threw himself down and escaped, but Hesketh received a cut on the chin and fell to the ground, where he was subsequently found bleeding. The police Inspector obtained a horse and went in pursuit of Mr. Standish; but, after about two miles, all trace of him was lost and the chase was abandoned. Mr. Standish eluded capture till Wednesday at noon, when he was apprehended at Newburgh, a few miles from Ormskirk. He then said he was very sorry for what had occurred, that it was a mad freak, and that he did not intend to hurt any of the men. The wounds are described as not in any way serious. Burke's being nothing more than an abrasion, and Hesketh's an incised wound about two inches long, but not deep. The pistol with which Burke had been shot appeared to have been loaded with blank cartridge only, and the charged pistol was found to contain a piece of paper, a thimbleful of powder, and a wad. For the defence it was contended that there had been no wounding within the statute. There was a total absence of malice on the part of Mr. Standish, who had never seen Burke before; and, as regarding the wounding with the sword, the wounded man had not identified Mr. Standish. The magistrate, however, held that prima facie cases had been established. It was his painful duty to commit Mr. Standish for trial at the next Liverpool Assizes. Mr. Standish was accordingly committed, but admitted to bail.

LAMENTABLE ACCIDENT AT AUCKLAND PARK COLLIERY.—LOSS OF FOUR LIVES.—A melancholy occurrence has taken place near Bishop Auckland, in close proximity to the Stockton and Darlington Railway, at a colliery, the property of Mr. Wood, of Howlish Hall, and carried on by the Black Boy Coal Company. In consequence of Government requirements, the Messrs. Wood were engaged in sinking a new shaft about fifty yards distant from the old one, so that, in case of a similar fatality to that at Hartley, or any accident to the regular mode of egress, the men would have ample means for their release. Although this was the principal reason for the sinking of the new shaft, it was not the only one, as it was intended to sink to the bottom or working seam, but a rich seam considerably nearer the surface was the one from which the coal had to be obtained. Four seams had already been passed, when it was found necessary to fix a tap in the tubing for the purpose of relieving it from the pressure of water to which it was subject. This tap was proposed to be fixed about fifty-four fathoms from the top of the shaft, and with that object a half-cradle was lowered on Saturday morning last, on which were six men. They proceeded with their work until ten o'clock, when they were joined by Mr. Coulson, the contractor, and the work proceeded under his superintendence. A little before twelve o'clock the cradle was occupied by John Elwin (the manager) and six others; and while four of these were engaged in raising the tap to the "nozzle" or branch-pipe, the cradle "canted," and they were precipitated to the bottom, a distance of 51 fathoms. The cradle righted almost instantly, and it was discovered that four of its occupants had met a horrid death. The three remaining were instantly drawn to the surface, and preparations were made to obtain the bodies of their unfortunate companions, whose remains were also brought to bank in about an hour and a half, and presented a fearfully mutilated appearance. The scene at bank was of a very heartrending description—wives and friends crowding round to obtain a view of those so dear to them, and but lately so full of life and manly vigour. They were conveyed to their homes, accompanied by their bereaved relatives, and by the sympathy of all who saw them. The names of the unfortunate deceased are—John Elwin, aged forty-five, leaves a wife and four children; George Elwin, thirty-two, wife and three children; Henry Davison, twenty-five, wife and one child; and Richard Waggott, single man, but supported an aged mother.—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK. In the market for Home Securities this week only a moderate business has been transacted. Very little change has, however, taken place in the quotations, either for money or time. Consols, for Transfer, have realised 93½ to 100; for Account, 93½; Reduced and New Three per Cent. 92 to 92½; Long Annuities, 114½; and Exchange Bills, par to 3s. 6d. Indian securities have been tolerably firm in price; but the market for them has been inactive. The five per Cent. India Stock has realised 109½, and the Bonds 106 to 106½. Old India Stock has realised 74 to 75. The demand for money, both at the Bank of England and in the Lombard-street, has been moderately active, and the rates, however, have ruled steady. The last paper is now done as follows:

Thirty Days' Bills	.. .. .	93 3/4	per cent.
Sixty Days	.. .. .	93 1/2	"
Three Months	.. .. .	93 1/4	"
Six Months	.. .. .	93 1/2	"

In the Stock-Exchange the quotations are 2½ to 3 per cent. On the Continent there continues to be a steady demand for the Bank of England bills, and the last return of the Bank of England shows an increase in the stock of bullion of over £500,000. About £400,000 has arrived from various quarters, but chiefly from the West Indies and New York. The steamers for India have taken out £123,850 in silver and £112,500 in gold, the value of the gold known to be on passage for India being £618,750. Meritans, Spanish, Greek, and Turkish Securities have continued very firm. Confederate Scrip is much firmer, at 2½ to 2½ dis. Other Foreign Securities are steady. Brazilian Four-and-a-Half per Cent. have marked 94½; Ecuador, 161; Egypt, 102½; India, 101½; Mexico, 181; Mexican Three per Cent., 102½; Morocco, 96; New

Granada, 161; Dato, Deferred, 92; Portuguese Three per Cent., 102½; Rio de Janeiro Four-and-a-Half per Cent., 90½; Dato, 162, 91½; Spanish Three per Cent., 95; Dato, Deferred, 92½; Dato, Passive, 92½; Dato, Certificates, 114; Turkish Six per Cent., 74½; and Venezuela Six per Cent., 5½. A full average business has been transacted in Joint-Stock Bank Shares, and the market has been quiet. Bank of Egypt, 37½; Bank of Queensland, 14; Bank of North America, 104; Bank of India, 104; Bank of Australia, 104; Bank of New Zealand, 104; Bank of China, 104; Bank of Japan, 104; Bank of Persia, 104; Bank of Siam, 104; Bank of Ceylon, 104; Bank of Hong Kong, 104; Bank of Shanghai, 104; Bank of Hankow, 104; Bank of Peking, 104; Bank of Tientsin, 104; Bank of Harbin, 104; Bank of Manchuria, 104; Bank of Korea, 104; Bank of Japan, 104; Bank of China, 104; Bank of India, 104; Bank of Australia, 104; Bank of New Zealand, 104; Bank of Ceylon, 104; Bank of Hong Kong, 104; Bank of Shanghai, 104; Bank of Hankow, 104; Bank of Peking, 104; Bank of Tientsin, 104; Bank of Harbin, 104; Bank of Manchuria, 104; Bank of Korea, 104; Bank of Japan, 104; Bank of China, 104; Bank of India, 104; Bank of Australia, 104; Bank of New Zealand, 104; Bank of Ceylon, 104; Bank of Hong Kong, 104; Bank of Shanghai, 104; Bank of Hankow, 104; Bank of Peking, 104; Bank of Tientsin, 104; Bank of Harbin, 104; Bank of Manchuria, 104; 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**EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1862.**  
The Directors of the Royal Insurance Company are now called  
upon to make their accustomed periodical Report at the Meeting of  
its Shareholders.

**FIRE BRANCH.**  
The Directors have, as previously announced, at the close of  
the year, to announce for the first time, that the Fire Premiums  
have not only reached, but exceed £500,000.  
The high comparative position held by the Royal in the Govern-  
ment Returns of Duty is again fully maintained.  
The profit of the business of the year exceeds considerably the  
amount realized in the preceding year, and in fact surpasses that of  
any year, with but two exceptions, since the commencement of this  
Office, the balance to the Credit on account of British and Foreign  
Insurances being £45,107 10s. 5d., and of the North American  
business, which is kept separately, £11,097 10s. 10d.

**LIFE BRANCH.**  
The very gratifying duty now falls upon the Directors to state  
the sum assured on new policies for the year 1862 exceeds even that  
of the year 1861 by £180,000, and has arrived at the almost un-  
exampled amount, for a single year, of £70,437 0s. 10s. 10d. new policies  
issued. Until within the last few years, it is believed that for a  
sum assured as that which has just been announced as the result of  
one year's business was all but unheard of.

This portion of the Company's business has been carefully watched,  
and cannot fail to give much satisfaction to the Shareholder, as  
well as no small encouragement for the future to the participating  
life assured.

Life assurance of continued care in the selection of lives is amply  
afforded by a statement of the number rejected. These have  
amounted to 311 for the year, on which the aggregate sum of  
for assurance amounts to £143,351. Various degrees of ineligibility  
have led to these lives being declined.  
No small number of the Assurance Companies of the day record  
their accepted lives annually at a sum not much, if at all, exceeding  
those which the Royal has declined as inadmissible in a single year  
from deterioration of some kind or another.  
If, to complete their review, the Directors now advert briefly to  
the United Kingdom, they have to announce that in Fire Business  
its progress has been undoubtedly more rapid than that of any other  
Company established either in London or elsewhere, except when  
contingencies have taken place of returns of Duty have placed  
this. In Life, the amount of New Policies already reported makes  
all other evidence needless.

The Directors conclude their present Report with the expression  
of an opinion that the prospects of the Royal Insurance Company  
were never brighter, and of a consequent hope, founded on a  
grateful remembrance of the past, that the future may unfold for  
it a sphere of still greater magnitude, combining distinguished  
commercial success to the Office with a lengthened career of use-  
fulness and protection to the public.

FREDERICK M. MAYNE, Manager and Actuary.  
JOHN R. JOHNSON, Secretary in London.

**AGENTS REQUIRED.—THE ROYAL**  
INSURANCE COMPANY is prepared to entertain applica-  
tions for Agency Appointments from gentlemen having command  
of Fire and Life Business.

Transfers of Policies from other Companies received without  
charge for Policy, whatever the amount of the sum insured.  
Address JOHN R. JOHNSON, Secretary.  
Royal Insurance Company, 29, Lombard-street.

**SAUCE.—LEA and PEBBINS'**  
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE,  
pronounced by Connoisseurs to be  
"The Only Good Sauce."

None genuine unless name on wrapper, label, bottle, and stopper.  
Sold by Grocers, Blackwell, Barclay and Sons, and Grocers and  
Oleum universally.

**STARCH MANUFACTURERS**  
TO H.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES